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1931



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THE

HISTORY

OF

Rinaldo Rinaldini,

CAPTAIN OF BANDITTI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF VULPIUS.

BY L. HINKLEY, ESQ.

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.

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1931

PREFACE.

The uncommon celebrity, on the continent, of the work of which the following is a translation; and the numerous and ornamental editions of it, with which Germany is teeming, would not have been sufficient motives for the present Editor to unite his name with it, had it been a mere imaginary romance; nor did he undertake the translation, however pleasing and interesting the narrative appeared to him, till he had the fullest assurances, private as well as public, of the authenticity of the principal facts.

It further appeared to the translator, that independent of the various moral instruction to be derived from the biography of celebrated and singular characters, the ensuing narrative was particularly valuable, because it is there evident, that the most commanding of all talents, and those which give an individual most power either to benefit or injure mankind, are energy and promptitude of mind.

The Editor was also desirous of showing certain pretended translators, that it is possible to render Colloquial German into Colloquial *English*; which from the innumerable wretched performances he has perused, under the title of translations, especially works of that class, might almost have been conceived impracticable.

These considerations, and the greatness of mind displayed by the hero of the tale, were additional motives,

which overcame his aversion to avowing a production, which the philosopher and the man of learning may probably still consider as trifling.

The German author, who has presented in such interesting points of view, the life and adventures of this extraordinary man,* at first modestly concealed his name; but the uncommon eagerness of his countrymen to know to whom they were indebted for facts so judiciously collected and arranged, and related in so pleasing a manner, has at last discovered him.—He has introduced his work with a preface to the following effect :

* Rinaldo Rinaldini lived in the former part of the present century.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

All Italy speaks of him.—The Appenine mountains, and the Sicilian vales resound with the name of Rinaldini. It lives in the songs of Florence and Calabria, and in the ballads of the Sicilians.—From the summit of the Alps to the extremity of the Appenines, men talk of his achievements; and when the garrulous villagers of Calabria assemble in the evening before their doors, every one is ready to relate some adventure of the Valeroso Capitano Rinaldini. It is a pleasure to witness the eagerness and emulation they express.

The Shepherds of the Sicilian vales alternately entertain each other with stories of him; and the simple peasant, though exhausted by the heat and labour of the day, seems reanimated the moment he begins to talk of Rinaldini, amid a circle of his acquaintance. Wives and maidens, young men and boys, all listen with delight, when their fathers and husbands speak of him. Nor does sleep oppress their eyes, if their labours be but enlivened with the story of Rinaldini. He is the hero of the soldier's tale in the guard room, or the lonely watch-tower, upon the coast; and of seafaring men when unwillingly detained on shore, or becalmed on the ocean. Hills and vallies, spinning rooms and cottages, alike resound with ballads of Rinaldini.—Here then follows

the history of this extraordinary man, in which the adventures related of him, are collected together, and arranged in the proper order of time ; and if the tale be but half as pleasing to my readers, and excite in them but half as lively an interest as among the inhabitants of Calabria, of Florence, and of Rome, though they may have taken it up but to gratify curiosity, or chase away the dull moments of slowpaced time, they will not lay it down dissatisfied :—such at least is my proudest wish.

Written on St. Rosalia's Day, 1798.

HISTORY
OF
RINALDO RINALDINI,

Captain of Banditti.

The boisterous winds rolled over the Appenines like the mountain-waves of the ocean; and the aged oaks bowed their lofty heads to the storm. Rinaldo and Altaverde had kindled a fire beneath a projecting rock, and sat sheltered in a narrow dell. The night was dark, thick clouds concealed the moon and no cheering star twinkled in the heavens.

Altaverde. This stormy night exceeds every thing I have ever witnessed! Rinaldo! are you not asleep?

Rinaldo. I sleep! I like such weather: it rages here and there, around us, close to us, in this breast of mine, and every where!

Altaverde. Captain, you are no longer the same man you were.

Rinaldo. 'Tis true. Once I was an innocent boy: but now—

Altaverde. You are in love.

Rinaldo. I am a captain of Banditti.

Altaverde. Has your cara sposa found it out? When you appear in great towns and

cities, who but takes you for one of the richest noblemen, and of the most ancient house ?

Rinaldo. And yet a price is set upon my head !

Altaverde. And who will earn it ?

Rinaldo. Perhaps one of my own band.

Altaverde. For shame ! They who have sworn fidelity to you will never be guilty of such an action.

Rinaldo. Oh ! they are men, and bad men. Good you cannot, by heavens ! call one of us.

Altaverde. On that we shall differ. But you are in a bad humour. Will you drink ?—No. Well, then I'll drink alone. What boots it now, to lament and grumble ? Now it is too late.

Rinaldo. Alas ! woe to me, and thee, and all of us, that it is too late !—Oh, Altaverde ? to what end shall we come ?

Altaverde. To that which is decreed us by fate ; and after we are dead, whether worms, fish, or crows fatten upon us, is more indifferent to us than to hear how his holiness the pope dined ; for it will not be our business, at any rate, to pay the grave digger. There is but one road into life for kings and beggars ; but there are many doors out of it ; and whether we depart by the middle or side door is unimportant. Die we must ; and if it be the will of Heaven, we may as well die peaceably in our beds as any other man.

Rinaldo. Peaceably ?

Altaverde. And how many die peaceably?
Almost every man dies with pain and agony.

Rinaldo. But not with shame and ignominy.

Altaverde. Since you have been in love, one can scarcely say a word to you. Who brought you among us?

Rinaldo. My own thoughtlessness.

Altaverde. Then quarrel with that, and be not enraged against yourself. What is past is past; and all you can do for yourself is to take care of the future. Do that, and you will have nothing more to reproach yourself with; for if you fall, it will not be your fault. Go; serve your country with your life and fortune; devote your body, your soul, all your thoughts and exertions to its advancement; and still, if Fortune pleases, you may rot in a jail, though innocent of every crime. Are there not innumerable examples? Both ancient and modern history abound in them. How many benefactors of their country have died in chains! Should this, then be your lot, you will at least have no cause to complain of your country's ingratitude; for you have taken from mankind, and mankind will but take from you in return; and thus your account is balanced.

Rinaldo. As we are old friends, I excuse you when you talk such folly.

Altaverde. For the same reason I excuse your ill humour. My folly, as you call it, makes me a philosopher: but your ill-humour is of no use, and makes you intolerable.—What would

you have been, had you still continued at Ostia-la, tending your father's goats?

Rinaldo. What, alas! I am not now—an honest man.

Altaverde. But you have performed actions for which the most honourable of mankind might envy you.

Rinaldo. They are of no value, for they were done by a public robber.

Altaverde. That cannot subtract from the value of noble actions. The devil himself may act nobly, although he be a devil.

Rinaldo. He who pursues a dishonorable line of life can scarcely perform any thing truly honorable.

Altaverde. A curse on that sentiment! Have you not frequently drawn forth tears of joy? Has no man remembered you in his prayers? Has no man ever given you his blessing?

Rinaldo. Alas! they knew not they were giving it to a robber.

Altaverde. Your noble actions, then have gained you tears of joy and the prayers and blessings of mankind.

Rinaldo. Yet they can avail me nothing.

Altaverde. Then learn to flog yourself, and turn monk. Why thus disparage the noble actions you have performed! Have you not often been a more powerful protector of right and justice than the magistrates, whose office rendered it their duty?

Rinaldo. And who gave me a right to do so?

Altaverde. Humanity.

Rinaldo. Oh that it had left me to tend my goats!—I tell you I can neither approve nor boast of my actions; and even should some of them be thought to deserve applause, yet the bad ones are far more numerous, and will doubtless one day bring me to the scaffold.

Altaverde. Are you there already?

Rinaldo. O Altaverde! who knows the hour of his end?

Altaverde. No man; and so much the better: otherwise no one could sleep quietly in his bed: and sleep is the best of all human enjoyments.

Rinaldo. Can we, then, sleep quietly.

Altaverde. I am almost asleep now; so good night! take care not to let the fire go out; and when you want to sleep yourself, wake me.

Accordingly Altaverde went to sleep; and Rinaldo, sighing, took up his guitar, and sang:

Once, with the happy, good, and gay,
Sweet Innocence led on my youth;
While, taught through flow'ry vales to stray,
I sported with fair Peace and Truth:
But now, with conscious crimes oppress'd,
Wild gloomy cares, and anxious fears,
I waste my life in fruitless tears,
And, sighing, beat my anguish'd breast.

While free from guilt, from anguish free,
I view'd the cloudless azure skies,
My soul was an unruffled sea,
A mirror of Heaven's peaceful joys:
But now, as raging storms affright,
And rob all nature of her rest,
With horrid crimes my soul oppress'd
Is darker than the darksome night.

My guardian angel, forc'd away,
 With grief my lot to fate consigns ;
 Despair has mark'd me for her prey ;
 My soul to torture Peace resigns.
 Faded is Hope's once flow'ry wreath,
 Now chang'd to Vice's galling chains,
 Chang'd all my joys to hell-born pains ;
 Unblest in life, and infamous in death.

But now one of the dogs, that lay before the fire, barking, Altaverde started up and seized his musket. Rinaldo had scarcely cried out, "Who's there?" before the sign was given that one of their party was arrived. The dogs returned to their rest, and Nicolo joined them.

Altaverde. Well ! what's the matter ?

Nicolo. I am come to inform you that we have heard the bells of some mules at a distance.

Altaverde. In such a night as this ?

Nicolo. They must have lost their way.

Altaverde. You are all still near the hermitage ?

Nicolo. All except Pietro and Giambattista, who are out upon the scout. The remaining thirty are all together.

Altaverde. Is not Girolamo still with you ?

Nicolo. Yes ; and rejoicing already in the capture of the mules.

Altaverde. I do not doubt it.

Rinaldo. Altaverde, had you not better join him. You know Girolamo is not overstocked with prudence.

Altaverde. As you please.

Rinaldo. Send Cinthio to me ; I will wait here for him.

Altaverde. 'Tis well.

Rinaldo. And if you can avoid bloodshed—

Altaverde. Most surely, if it be possible.

Nicolo. Captain, will you remain here alone?

Rinaldo. Till Cinthio comes, I will.

Altaverde. Take a little sleep, Captain.

Rinaldo. God grant I may! leave the dogs with me.

Altaverde. Good night!

Nicolo. A happy meeting!

Thus departed Nicolo and Altaverde. Meanwhile Rinaldo threw some wood on the fire, then lay down beneath a tree, and drew his cloak over his head; while the storm raged above him, and the dry wood loudly cracked in the flame.

“Alas!” cried Rinaldo, with a sigh, “once could I exclaim, with confidence, whenever I closed my eyes to sleep, Protect me, ye guardian angels! but now I can neither pray nor close my eyes in sleep. Oh, that I could relieve this anguish with tears!”

The dogs barked. Rinaldo threw off his cloak, and starting up, seized his pistols. The dogs sprang furiously upon a man; but Rinaldo called them back, approached the stranger, and beheld a venerable old man, with silvered hair and beard, and dressed in a brown great coat. His right hand held a staff; in his left was a lantern, with the light extinguished; and a little dog anxiously leaped about him.

“Who are you?” said Rinaldo, as soon as he had quieted his dogs.

Old Man. I am known by the name of the Old Man of Oriolo-hill, and am come from the adjacent territories, where, according to my custom, I have been procuring provisions, with which I am returning to my hermitage. But the wind has extinguished my light; and if I am not mistaken, though I know the country pretty well, I have got out of my road. Permit me to light my lamp, and I shall presently find my way. Good night!

Rinaldo. Old man, why do you look so steadfastly at me?

Old Man. I am glad to have found you by this fire, and to have an opportunity to light my lamp.

Rinaldo. And who do you take me to be?

Old Man. To know or not to know who you are is to me indifferent. The knowledge of men is no longer interesting to me.

Rinaldo. I am unfortunate.

Old Man. I am sorry for you.

Tinaldo. My fate has compelled me to wander among the vallies of the Appenines; and Rinaldini the famous robber renders these regions very dangerous.

Old Man. 'Tis true.

Rinaldo. I fear that cruel man.

Old Man. Cruel! 'Tis said he deserves not that reproach. I have myself twice applied to him for favours.—I was desirous of having a letter of protection for my little cottage.

Rinaldo. Do not deceive yourself regarding him.

Old Man. 'Tis of little consequence. The few years I have to live he may rob me of when God Almighty pleases. The debt of nature must one day be paid. If he set fire to my cottage I can build another; gold he will not find, and if he kill my two goats, the farmers of the neighbourhood, who love me much, will give me a couple more.—Be it as God Almighty pleases!

Rinaldo. Are you in want?

Old Man. He who has fortitude feels no want.

Rinaldo. Permit me to do a good action. Take this purse.

Old Man. I do not chuse to contract debts I shall not be able to pay. Neither have I need of money. Adieu! good night!

Thus he departed, nor did Rinaldo venture to detain him longer. He lay down again beneath the tree, and the next time the dogs barked, the morning dawned and Cinthio arrived.

Cinthio. Captain! What ails you? Why do you no longer continue with you people? You are grown fond of solitude, and fall out with us all.

Rinaldo. I have fallen out with myself, Cinthio. I know not what is the matter with me.

Cinthio. Altaverde says you are in love.

Rinaldo. And so I am.

Cinthio. Well! that is no misfortune.

Rinaldo. Four days ago I was taking a ramble through a small valley, where I saw a maid—Ah! Cinthio, she was an angel. She was gathering berries; I addressed her, and she talk-

ed with me as Innocence talks with Vice. Our people then came up, and I was obliged to leave her.—Since that time I have never seen her, nor do I know who she is, or where she lives.

Cinthio. Then forget her.

Rinaldo. That is impossible.

Cinthio. Man can do whatever he resolves to do.

Rinaldo. That is not true. Otherwise I could become an honest man.

Cinthio. Discourage not our people with these thoughts. Cast up your own account of evil when you please; but keep it to yourself.

Rinaldo said no more, but silently lay down beneath the tree, and at length went to sleep. When he awoke the sun was risen, the storm was past, the clouds dispersed, and Cinthio had been joined by two more of their party.—They sat with him round the fire and were preparing chocolate.

Cinthio. Good morning, Captain.

The others. Good morning.

Rinaldo. I thank you. Give me a dish of chocolate.

Paolo. 'Tis extremely good.

Girolamo. True Spanish chocolate. Alta-verde sends you word, that we have taken the mules. There are three of them. They were loaded with the baggage of a Neapolitan Prince, and were going to Florence, if we had not changed their destination. The booty however was not great.

Rinaldo. Were any men killed?

Girolamo. The three muleteers. The rascals might have discovered us, and there are more muleteers in the world. Altaverde is dividing the plunder. He found this little case in one of the packages and sends it to you.

Rinaldo opened it, and beheld the portrait of a beautiful girl in the habit of a nun, and on the reverse that of a young man in uniform. The setting was not rich but very tasty.

Soon after came Altaverde with a numerous troop of Rinaldo's party, who pitched their tents made a fire, and cooked their dinner; after which they sang, danced, drank and played.

Rinaldo concerted with Altaverde new measures of safety; and when the troop divided to take their respective posts, Rinaldo crossed the mountains into another small valley, where he laid himself down under a tree by the side of a fountain.

Here Altaverde brought him a paper relative to the division of the spoil, which he signed, and towards noon returned to his joyous companions, where a grand feast waited his arrival.

"Captain!" said Girolamo—"Your people observe that you are unhappy, and are anxious to know what has befallen you. Perhaps you wish for something we can procure you; if so, it shall be obtained, even should we purchase it with our lives. But if it is mere caprice or low spirits that disturb you, we beg you to drive them away, and not to make us out of humour with you also."

Rinaldo having for a few moments silently

cast his eyes around the company that encircled him, at length addressed them in these words :

"Have you read the declaration of the Republics of Venice, Genoa, and Lucca ? It has been publicly proclaimed. A price is set upon my head."

"Heed it not, Captain !" they all exclaimed with one accord. "No man will earn it."

"Who will dare to touch the hair of your head," said Girolamo, "while we are with you ?"

And, as he said this, he waved his sabre. The rest followed his example, crying,

"Our life and blood, Captain, are yours as long as we have breath."

Altaverde now showed the partition paper, and each took his share with perfect content. After dinner they again played, sang, danced and made merry.

As Rinaldo was lying under a tree, Florilla, an Amazonian of his troop, came up to him, seated herself by him, and began to clean her pistols.

Florilla. The price, Captain, that has been set upon your head, is not the only cause of your dejection. A man like you trembles not for distant dangers. I doubt not the cause is much nearer home.

Rinaldo. What do you mean.

Florilla. I cannot be mistaken. The seat of your complaint, I believe, is your heart.

Rinaldo. Doubtless many things oppress me there.

Florilla. Half a year ago 'twas so with me.

Rinaldo. Half a year ago ?

Florilla. But now 'tis past. At that time I was foolishly in love with you.

Rinaldo. With me?

Forilla. I thought you must have perceived it.

As she said this, she threw down the pistols and arose.

"I absolutely thought," added she, "that I *must* be the Captain's sweetheart;" and thus saying, she left him.

Rinaldo's eyes pursued her steps. He then arose from his uneasy resting place and immediately gave the signal appointed for calling his people together.

"It is my intention," said he to them, "to remove to the mountains of Albonigo. You will therefore strike your tents, call in the out posts, and at night halt in the valley of St. James's Chapel. To-morrow, at noon, you will be in the plains of the Four Hills of La Cera. If my plan succeeds, we shall strike a bold stroke."

Upon this they all huzzaed for joy, and packed up their baggage. The posts were called in, and Girolamo set forward with the van. Then followed Altaverde with the main body, and Cintheo brought up the rear. What route Rinaldo meant to take no man knew.

He took his guitar and his arms, and accompanied by two dogs went to the spot whither the old man was gone the preceding night.

He soon found a footpath, and when the lengthened shadows marked the approach of evening, he perceived through the trees a small cot-

tage near the ridge of a mountain ; to this he directed his steps, and, before he reached it, saw the old man above spoken of grubbing up roots.

They saluted each other, and seemed mutually embarrassed. At length the old man, endeavouring to collect himself, inquired,

“ Have you not yet found the great road ? ”

“ I have not been seeking it,” replied Rinaldo. “ I only sought for your abode, to ask you for a night’s lodging. If you deny my request, and refuse me your protection, I shall remain as you found me last night, in the open air.”

Old Man. You may pass the night here, but you will be very ill accommodated.

Rinaldo. They who can rest at all, are always accommodated.

Old Man. A bed of hay.

Rinaldo. I am not very nice ; and, as you saw, I was harder lodged last night. My unhappy fate——

Old Man. What brings you into these solitudes ?

Rinaldo. The consequences of an unfortunate moment.

Old Man. Perhaps you have killed your antagonist in an affair of honour as it is called ?

Rinaldo. Excuse my answering that question.

Old Man. If you can take up with what you will find, you may follow me.

Rinaldo now accompanied him in silence, till they arrived at the hermitage, where he was shewn into a small but neat and clean apart-

ment. A couple of tables and a few chairs were all its furniture ; on one of the tables lay a latin bible, on which stood a crucifix, and on the other a piece of netting, which Rinaldo immediately observed ; but it presently occurred to him, that it was possible the old man might himself sometimes net. Meanwhile the old man removed the work, as he observed that his guest seemed to consider it with uncommon attention. Rinaldo, however, did not venture to ask, whether it was his own work, and the old man for a while left the room.

He returned with a lighted lamp ; and Rinaldo then drew two bottles of wine from his pockets, and set them on the table, saying,

“ When we have drank a glass of wine together we shall be better acquainted.”

“ An acquaintance (replied the old man) that is formed between two honest men by a bottle of wine, often becomes as hearty as the wine itself, which is the most heart-inspiring liquor heaven ever gave to mortals. It will be the best part of our supper ; for I can only offer you bread and cheese, some butter, and a few melons, which I gathered this morning.”

“ ’Tis enough, my good friend, for us two ; or even had we a third to join us, said Rinaldo.”

Upon which the old man quickly answered :

“ A third ! is any one else——”

“ No one with me. But here, perhaps——”

“ Not a soul lives here but myself, my little dog, and a pair of turtle doves.”

Rinaldo was silent. But the old man asked :

“ How came you to think of finding any one here besides me ?”

Rinaldo smiled, opened the table-drawer and shewed him the netting.

“ Ah ! (answered the old man) Yes, that netting does indeed belong to a third person ; but one that does not live here. She forgot it this morning and left it here.”

Upon this the old man left his guest, and went to bring in their frugal repast.

Meanwhile Rinaldo examined the apartment more particularly, and opened a door that led into a small room. Here he saw the man's bed over which hung a pair of pistols, between two paintings in oil. He took the lamp, examined the paintings, and immediately hastened back.

The pictures were of the very same persons of which miniatures had been brought him that morning as booty ; (the nun and the officer) to which they were so exactly alike, that it was impossible he could be mistaken. Thus he left the chamber, and returned pensive to his place.

The old man, whom we shall call Donato, now brought supper, and as soon as he had pronounced a short prayer, seated himself with his guest at table.

When they had both eaten heartily, emptied the first bottle, and opened the second, a conversation, by no means uninteresting, arose.

Rinaldo. Let us drink the health of the aforesaid third person, be she here or not.

Donato. With all my heart ! but here she certainly is not.

Rinaldo. I do not mean to doubt your word.

Donato. And yet I perceive you do not believe it.

Rinaldo. And of what importance is it?

Donato. To me, of much. I would not pass for a man that would assert a falsehood.—At a farm about a league off, beyond the mountain, there lives a maid, who sometimes calls here, and who left her netting this morning.

Rinaldo. Is she the farmer's daughter?

Donato. His foster child, not his own. She is a goodnatured, innocent girl, and I love her as a father loves his offspring; for she is worthy of my esteem, and of that of the whole world. Her health, with all my heart!

They ceased and drank. Then followed a pause. At length the old man, whom the wine made garrulous, renewed the conversation.

Donato. May I ask you of what country you are?

Rinaldo. I am a Roman.

Donato. A Roman, born in Rome itself?

Rinaldo. No; in the neighbouring country.

Donato. Countryman your hand! I am also a Roman born. Yet I am by no means proud of my birth. 'Tis an ungrateful country.

Rinaldo. Have you experienced it?

Donato. I have been very ill used. Even the imperial tribunal of the Ruota and their sentences could not—but enough!—I live here in peace, and forgive my enemies. Rome no longer produces men. She knows not how to support her dignity, and her inhabitants are licen-

tious, cruel, and unjust.—How have they treated you ?

Rinaldo. My misfortunes were the consequence of my errors.

Donato. That would be my consolation, could I thus accuse myself. But I have suffered innocently.

Rinaldo was about to reply, when they clearly distinguished the voices of men before the hermitage, who constantly approached, and at length knocked at the door.

“What is that ?” exclaimed Rinaldo with astonishment.

Donato quietly opened the window and inquired who was there ?

“Open the door,” cried a voice from without.

“There are armed men at the door, (said Donato.) They may be police officers or soldiers. If you have reason to fear such visitors, go into that room, and so out of the window into the garden ; then get over the hedge, and go straight forward, till you come to some rocks, among which, to the left, you may conceal yourself in a grotto.—I will open the door presently, that nobody may suspect any thing.”

Rinaldo now called his dogs, and went into the other chamber, while Donato opened the door to the strangers.

Six armed men entered, and followed him into the parlour ; meanwhile Rinaldo overheard what passed.

“Who are you ?”

“I am the hermit, Donato.”

"Are you alone?"

"I live entirely alone."

"Do you know us?"

"How is it possible?"

"Do you fear us?"

"Even were you police officers, an innocent man could not fear you."

"You mistake us; we are no spies for justice to lean on when she is lame. Where is your money?"

"In this purse. Here it is."

"Go to the devil with your paltry pence. Give us more."

"'Tis all the money I posses."

"We do not believe you."

"'Tis the truth."

"You are no begger; there stands your wine, you rogue. Bring us more wine."

"'Tis a present, and I have no more."

"Blood and thunder! Here two people have been eating. You are not alone. Knock the rascal down, he has told us a lie."

"I had a visitor——"

"Bind the old sinner! and make him confess."

"Be merciful and——"

"More money!"

"Take whatever you can find. Money I have none." "You obstinate villain! won't you confess then?"

Upon this the robbers fell upon Donato, who cried aloud for help, though without knowing whence it could come, when Rinaldo suddenly

opened the door, and taking out a pistol, demanded in a voice of thunder :

“ What is your business here ? ”

“ Heavens ! our captain ! ” — Exclaimed one of the gang ; while they took off their hats, and released the trembling hermit, who tottered to a chair, repeating in a broken voice :

“ The captain ? ”

“ Are these your deeds of heroism ? ” continued Rinaldo — “ Dare you to disgrace my name with such actions ? Are you indeed of Rinaldini’s band ? Have you such necessities as to force the last penny from the hand of poverty ? Is this your bravery, to bind an unarmed man ? Which is the villain that first laid hands on this feeble old man ? ”

A profound silence now ensued, after which Rinaldo continued with increasing vehemence :

“ Which was the villain ? name him, or I will shoot the first that stands before me.”

“ ’Twas Paolo,” murmured the man that stood next to Rinaldo : upon which, without another word, Rinaldo instantly fired at him, and broke his arm. Paolo fell ; but his companions continued motionless.

“ And why (said Rinaldo, with a look of rage) have you departed from your route ? ”

“ We were in search of you, captain,” replied one of them.

“ Is it your business to dog me where’er I go ? (continued Rinaldo.) Go join the main body. You know our laws ; you know what you have done, and the punishment you deserve. Take

with you this base fellow, who belongs not to Rinaldini's company, and wait my coming, and your sentence to-morrow."

Upon this, the robbers departed, carrying Paolo with them ; while Donato remained silent and trembling in his chair.

Rinaldo now approached him, took his hand, and pressing it, said :

" Be not alarmed, good old man !"

" Open that closet," cried Donato, in a broken voice—" and give me the little bottle of drops."

Which Rinaldo having done, he poured out a spoonful at Donato's request, and gave it him. Donato swallowed it, and seemed to come to himself.

Donato. So you are Rinaldini himself ?

Rinaldo. I am.

Donato. I am indebted to you for my life, and yet cannot rejoice in your acquaintance.

Rinaldo. Who have you to fear ?

Donato. Your name alone is frightful, and yourself terrible.

Rinaldo. Alas ! that it should be so !

Donato. Your actions here before my eyes fill my heart with fear and terror.

Rinaldo. And mine with grief. Oh ! that I could have spared myself and you this scene ! but you know not these horrible beings. Fear and terror alone, can restrain them.

Donato. And are you not yourself afraid of such monsters ?

Rinaldo. Even if I feared them, I must not let them have the least suspicion of it.

Donato. Unhappy man ! Into what a connexion have you fallen !

Rinaldo. Friend ! the goodness of your heart unites me to you ; for you are worthy of my confidence. You shall know my whole story. But not now ; for it would affect you too much, and you need repose. Let me lead you to bed. I will await the morning in a chair.

Rinaldo now conducted Donato to bed, and wrapping himself up in his cloak, threw himself into a chair. It was not, however, till long after midnight, that he fell asleep, and he awoke with the first rays of the sun.

"I am very ill," said Donato with a sigh, when Rinaldo approached his bed to inquire after his health.

"I wished to be of service to you," said Rinaldo, "and came to give you protection ; but am the innocent cause of your present illness, which I assure you gives me the greatest pain. Do not, however, take my good intention ill."

"By no means," replied Donato, in a faint voice ; "on the contrary, I am thankful to Providence for sending you hither ; otherwise I should most probably have been murdered."

He then requested him to fetch some bottles of physic out of the closet, and having directed him how to mix it, swallowed a spoonful, after which a soft sleep soon closed his eyes.

Rinaldo now went out to taste the morning air, and with expanding heart admired the

beauties of the rising sun.—With majestic glory the king of day advanced amid a blaze of light, rising above the misty summits of the mountains, and darted his genial rays into the narrow vale where Donato dwelt. The birds celebrated the magnificent return of day with a hymn of joy ; and Rinaldo in pensive mood covered his face and sighed.

“Even on me the golden sun, (said he) bestows his light ; on me, as on all men, whether good or bad ; on me, to whom his beneficent rays are as the lightning’s flash, threatening destruction on my guilty conscience.”

Rinaldo now heard a rustling near him in the hedge, when raising his eyes the beauteous maid he had seen and talked with a few days before, but whom he had not since met, approached him.

Struck and embarrassed with this incident, both stood silent during a few moments, till at length Rinaldo addressed her in the following words :

“Are you not the virtuous maid of the neighbouring farm-house, who sometimes visits the hermit Donato ?”

Aurelia. I am.

Rinaldo. And what is your name ?

Aurelia. Aurelia, and you are the man who spoke with me a few days ago, as I was gathering berries ?

Rinaldo. The same. The friend of your friend Donato.

Aurelia. And where is he ?

Rinaldo. He is asleep.

Aurelia. Asleep so late. He must surely be ill.

Rinaldo. Indeed he is not well.

Aurelia. Good God ! what ails him ?

Rinaldo. A trifling indisposition. He will soon be better. He will be better when he has slept. We must not disturb him.

Aurelia. I will go and tell my father. Poor Donato is old and weak, and must want assistance.

Rinaldo. We will give him whatever assistance he needs.

Aurelia. We ?—I do not know you well enough to stay here in your company.

Rinaldo. Be not afraid, fair maiden !

Aurelia. You are a stranger and——

Rinaldo. I am the friend of Donato.

Aurelia. I must hear that from his own mouth.

Rinaldo. You shall.

Aurelia. Well ! I will wait for his confirmation.—But till then I must not stay here alone with you.

Rinaldo. Of what are you afraid ?

Aurelia. Afraid ? I—

Rinaldo. I pledge my word of honour, and my most solemn oath, that you have nothing to fear ?

Aurelia. Who are you then ?

Rinaldo. A traveller.

Aurelia. And yet stay so long in this place ?

Rinaldo. I am much pleased with the situation.

Aurelia. Among the mountains ?

Rinaldo. Among the mountains where dwells so lovely a maid.

Aurelia. If you mean me, I live beyond the mountains.

Rinaldo. Yes ; Donato told me so.

Aurelia. Have you then spoken with him of me ? How came you to fall on such a subject ?

Rinaldo. Through your netting.

Aurelia. A ha !

A rustling was now heard in the hedge, and Rinaldo looking towards it, Cinthio gave him the wink. Aurelia hastened into the hermitage.

"Captain !" said Cinthio, "your presence among us is necessary. There is an alarm."

"Wait for me," replied Rinaldo ; and instantly entered the hermitage.

"My dear girl," said he to Aurelia, "stay with Donato."

Aurelia. That I certainly shall, since he is ill.

Rinaldo. And when he awakes, tell him I shall soon return.

Aurelia. Whither then are you going ?

Rinaldo. My servant calls my attention to my baggage, where a trifling accident demands my presence. Farewell, dear girl, and forget me not. Be kind to my memory.

Aurelia. How do you know that I am not so already ?

Rinaldo. O yes.

Aurelia. Who told you so ?

Rinaldo. My heart.

Aurelia. Believe it not. Farewell.

Rinaldo pressed her hand, and hurrying out, accompanied Cinthio to the spot where his people had passed the night.

" 'Tis well you are come, Captain," cried several voices, confusedly. " We would know _____"

" Be silent," thundered Rinaldo. " Girolamo, read the fifth and sixth articles of our laws aloud !"

This being done, Rinaldo related the scene he had witnessed at the hermitage, and concluded with a proclamation to this effect : " Now let our compact and our laws decide."

" Pardon ! pardon ! pardon ! pardon for Paolo !" cried several voices.

Rinaldo was silent.

Paolo, who lay on the ground, and recently had his wound bound, cried out for pardon in a faint voice.

Rinaldo was still silent.

Girolamo now went up to him, and begged that Paolo might be pardoned.

Rinaldo made no reply.

Florilla now went up to him and said ; " Captain ! in the name of all the pangs I have suffered for you, I beg for Paolo's pardon ; for on him I have fixed my affections, in the hope of suppressing and exterminating my passion for you."

"Like you, (said Rinaldo) I am subject to the law, and have no power to pardon him."

"Be no longer subject to the law, (cried they all) you shall be our legislator, and shall have power to pardon."

"If that be your will——"

"We swear it."

"Then be Paolo pardoned, and his companions also.—But with one condition."

"Pronounce it."

"That this be the first and last occasion on which such conduct can be forgiven."

"Be it so."

* And further—I adjudge that Paolo and his companions, who maltreated that venerable old man, shall give him two goats, two barrels of wine, and a dozen fowls."

"Bravo ! Bravo !—Long live our noble Captain !"

Thus, amid rejoicings, music and acclamations, Rinaldo now took his breakfast before his tent, and having attended awhile to the amusements of his people, signed various papers at his desk, and having written and sealed some instructions, he directed the whole corps to be assembled. They soon formed a large circle around him, and waited in silent expectation, till Rinaldo, who continued sitting, thus began :

"Here Girolamo, I give you an order, which you will open at Borgo, where the state of affairs will determine whether or not you are to proceed to Arezzo. The business that calls you thither requires prudence, which, howe-

ver, to you I have no occasion particularly to recommend. You, Florilla, I send to Biblena, where you will endeavour to learn how we are spoken of. Nicolo and Sebastiano will cross the woods to Bosina. To you, Amadeo, I give charge of the woods of Anghiarto, Altaverde will take six or eight men with him, and endeavour to secure the person of the Mayor of Brancolino, these orders contain the particulars of that expedition. Towards evening Mattheo will remove with twenty men to the South Mountains, and take possession of the pass of Caprile. Alsetto will remain here with thirty men till further orders. Cinthio will choose out twelve men, and draw off the left into the poplar valley of Oriolo, near the pass among the rocks. Here is the watchword. The detached corps will keep as close together as possible during three days, in the western plains, before the forest of Marcia. And now let these plans be executed without delay."

All were now in motion, and Rinaldo having loaded his two great dogs with provisions and medicines, returned to the hermitage.

Aurelia was no longer there ; but a young peasant-boy, a son of her friend the neighbouring farmer, stood by Donato's bed, who was awake and said he was better.

Donato now sent away his young attendant, desiring him to fetch some wood, and Rinaldo gave the old man a few spoonfuls of the corroborative physic, which he had with him, but *did not venture* to enter on a subject to which

however, at length Donato himself led the discourse.

Donato. I hope soon to be quite re-established.

Rinaldo. 'Tis what I most sincerely wish.

Donato. You are come perhaps to take leave of me.

Rinaldo. Do you imagine so ?

Donato. I hope it. Now I know who you are, I would not that any one should know I am acquainted with you.—You know the world, and that all men depend on the opinion entertained of them by others. I thank you for the preservation of my life ; but no man shall be informed by me that I have given lodging to the dreaded Rinaldini, on whose head so high a price has been set. Aurelia has made me her confidant.

Rinaldo. Has she so ?

Donato. You ought not to have said to her what you have.

Rinaldo. But I confess to you that I am in love with her ?

Donato. Is it possible ? Can you expect she will return your love when she learns who you are ?

Rinaldo. And why need she know it ?

Donato. Would you then deceive her ?

Rinaldo. How ? Suppose I renounce my way of life, and—

Donato. 'Tis too late.

Rinaldo. I will tell her.

Donato. You must not see her more.

Rinaldo. How ?

Donato. She is about to take the veil.

Rinaldo. Who has—?

Donato. I have brought it about.

Rinaldo. Indeed ! Then be assured I will bring about the contrary.

Donato. What will you do ?

Rinaldo. That you shall learn.

Donato. Do nothing that is dishonourable or base.—If you really love Aurelia, how can you wish to make her unhappy ? But you do not love her with the purity with which she deserves to be loved. You cannot love her in an honourable way, and your passion is a crime. Aurelia must be rescued from your sight. Or would you take her with you amid your lawless band, and deliver her up to that justice which will surely sooner or later overtake you, as an accomplice ? Is it not enough that you are what you are ? Then leave the girl to live and die with honour. If you leave me soon you will confer on me an obligation, for I expect several visitors.

Rinaldo. Not through fear ; for that is a stranger to my breast : through complaisance I will. But let me first ask you, whom do the portraits represent that hang over your bed ?

Donato. They are my friends, and persons of quality.

Rinaldo. The one in the dress of a nun and the other in uniform ?

Donato. From this very man, whose portrait you see, I expect a visit. He is going to

Florence, and his mules with their baggage have been taken from him on the mountains, probably by your people. The drivers were shot, except one, who being very young, ran away : he took refuge with Aurelia's foster-father, where my friend, whose portrait you see, now is.

Rinaldo. If he is your friend give him this ; for perhaps he would not willingly lose it.

So saying, he gave Donato the case containing the portraits he had received out of the booty found with the mules. Donato took it, opened the case, and no sooner beheld the portraits than he kissed them both.

Donato. You have made me a present of great value, which the right owner shall have again.

Rinaldo. And will you not tell me his name ?

Donato. For why ?

Rinaldo. Perhaps I may be of service to him for your sake ?

Donato was about to reply, when the peasant-boy suddenly came in crying—

“They are coming ! they are coming !”

And immediately after entered the very person who was the subject of their conversation. He was dressed in uniform, and bore a cross of the order of Malta. With him came two peasants belonging to the farmer, and the brother of the latter.

The stranger cast a piercing look at Rinaldo, who returned it in such a manner that the former turned his eyes away ; then giving Donato

his hand, and saying, "A speedy recovery;" he departed from the hermitage.

The Chevalier of Malta, however, hurried after him, and came to the door of the hermitage as Rinaldo happened to look back, and perceiving him, stopped. Upon which the Chevalier went up to him, and said :

"I believe, Sir, I have had the pleasure of seeing you somewhere before."

Rinaldo. That is very possible.

Chevalier. Are you not the person who called himself Donato's friend, and spoke this morning with a young woman named Aurelia.

Rinaldo. I am.

Chevalier. You are a traveller ?

Rinaldo. I am.

Chevalier. May I ask your name ?

Rinaldo. You shall hear it when you have told me yours.

Chevalier. My name is neither a secret nor matter of suspicion.

Rinaldo. Who imagines it to be so ?

Chevalier. I am the prince of Rocella.

Two of Rinaldo's people now brought the goats, the fowls, and the wine, which Paolo was sentenced to give, as a peace-offering, to the hermit, and which Rinaldo delivered to the young peasant, saying :

"These are for my friend Donato : he knows of them already. You may tell him by and by that they are all arrived."

He then turned again to the Prince, who was waiting for his answer and to know his name :

Rinaldo. If you come from the farm-house where Aurelia lives, tell me whether she is still there ?

Prince. I know not how—

Rinaldo. How I came to ask that question when you were expecting to hear my name ?

Prince. In truth that was my meaning.

Rinaldo. If possible, excuse my telling my name ; a false one I ought not to give you, and my true name—

Prince. 'Tis impossible I can mistake. I saw you about half a year ago at Florence, under the name of the Marquis of Pepoli : did I not ? We talked of the German houses, and you grew warm when a story was told of that notorious robber Rinaldini, which tended much to his prejudice.

One of Rinaldo's people now gave him the wink very significantly. He understood the signal, and approaching the prince with great confidence, said, " Know that I am Rinaldini himself," and instantly hastened away.

Rinaldo now inquired of his comrade what was the matter ? and received for answer, " Cinthio hesitates to approach the Poplar Vale near Oriolo, as a caravan of travellers have taken up their quarters there."

Upon this Rinaldo hastened to Cinthio, and found him and his party among the bushes of a pleasant hill ; where he learnt from himself what had been reported to him, and, after some reflection, gave the following orders :

" Wheel off with your people to the right,

pursue the high road, and keep the road from Oriolo to the convent of San Benedetto constantly in sight. If you meet with a beautiful young woman in a carriage, stop it and carry off the girl without further ceremony ; and at dusk we will meet again upon this very spot."

Upon this he disguised his face with brown paint, dressed himself as a hunter, and took with him one of his companions, called Severo, also dressed as a hunter, and armed like him with a double barreled gun, some pocket pistols and a hanger. Thus equipped, and accompanied by his dogs, they proceeded to the Poplar Vale.

When they came to the hill that commanded the valley, they perceived a tent pitched, and near it some mules grazing, and several men dispersed here and there, who seemed to be cooking their supper by a large fire they had lighted.

Having observed them for some time, they perceived two ladies in the tent, and at a small distance from it unloaded baggage, and the muleteers lying near their charge.

About forty paces from this spot ran a murmuring brook, hurrying down the hill into this beautiful valley ; and hither came a fine active youth belonging to the company, with an empty vessel, to draw water. When the youth saw Rinaldo, he screamed and would have fled, had not Rinaldo called to him saying :

" Stop, young man !—Do you belong to yonder company ?"

"Yes I do belong to them," said the boy, terrified and hesitating.

"And who are those ladies in the tent?"

"The Marchioness of Altanare and her sister. We are coming from San Leo, and are going to Florence."

Rinaldo gave his companion the wink, and they both went up to the tent, when the attendants of the marchioness saluted and stared at them, and her equery came out to them, while the ladies listened, at the entrance, to the following conversation :

"Whence are you, my good friends?"

Rinaldo replied : "I am the forester of Sorcina, and am pursuing a bye-road with my servant. On seeing your company I felt a strong desire to know who you are, and so I came to give you a hint to be on your guard ; for Rinaldini's troop are now among these mountains."

"Oh, heavens !" cried one of the ladies, "I am dreadfully alarmed !"

"And why so?" said the equery, "we are numerous enough to oppose force to force."

"Humph !" said Rinaldo, smiling ; "that will avail but little ; for Rinaldini's men are very devils."

Lady. Heavens why are those banditti suffered to commit their depredations so quietly and so undisturbed ?

Rinaldo. Because men are afraid of them.

Equery. How strong may they be ?

Rinaldo. Who can tell their strength ? Rinaldo is an outlaw, and a price by no means

contemptible is set upon his head. Between ourselves, I have been above a week in search of him, in hopes of gaining the reward. If he comes within reach of my gun he shall certainly never escape.

Equery. Do you know his person then ?

Rinaldo. He has been very fully and accurately described.

Equery. In fact 'tis said he has no courage at all himself, and that his people are obliged to do all for him.

Rinaldo. So ; then they must all be fools.

Equery. And you think he is now here in the neighbourhood ?

Rinaldo. I am certain of it. We are eighteen of us, and all hunters and good marksmen. We are constantly watching for him, and have agreed if we take him to divide the reward.

Lady. And what are you to receive then when you take the villain ?

Rinaldo. In Venice, Genoa, Lucca, and Florence, money will be paid for his head, making together a sum of three or four thousand sequins : so that each of us will receive something. The times are very bad. 'Tis certain, however, we run the risk of our lives, and some of us may bite the dust.

Lady. The troops ought to be sent out against the cut-purse.

Rinaldo. And so they have, Madam, but without success ; he is too cunning for them, and has hiding holes where he keeps on the

defensive. The militia of Lucca can tell a pretty story of that kind. Three hundred of them were driven over hill and dale by eighty men under Rinaldini's command. They had seventy men killed, and have never since dared to stir a step against them.

Lady. 'Tis really terrible to think what depredations such a vagabond may commit.

Rinaldo. 'Tis very true ! Besides, he is a very desperate fellow, and very often has adventures, even when quite alone, which would make you split your sides with laughing.

Lady. I should like to see one of these adventures.

Rinaldo. Suppose you stood here quite off your guard, and near you your equery, and all your attendants collected round your tent ; then holding one pistol to your breast with his left hand, and another with his right to your equery, (while his companions take care of the rest of the company,) he says, I demand your rings, your watches, and one hundred sequins.—I am Rinaldini !

These words being accompanied with the action they described, the marchioness screamed, and the equery almost fell backwards with surprise.

Equery. Come, Mr. Forester, no jokes if you please.

Rinaldo. No, no ; no joke, I assure you : I am quite serious, Mr. Equery.

Equery. How ?

Lady. For God's sake !

Rinaldo. You wished to see a little of Rinaldini. You see him now.

Lady. Are you really.—

Rinaldo. I am Rinaldini. Now no more preliminaries. I have complied with your wish, and you must comply with mine, that of possessing your watches, your rings, and the trifling sum of one hundred sequins. I will then give you a protection on showing which none of my people will touch a hair of your head till you arrive at Florence.

Trembling from head to foot, the marchioness took off her rings, and delivered her watch and purse to Rinaldini, who said :

“Have you seen enough of Rinaldini?”—
And departed.

No one, however, was bold enough to pursue him.

Night drew in, and his company assembled at the appointed spot, without having met with the expected carriage.—At this Rinaldo appeared dejected, and, after taking one of his frugal suppers, lay down to rest beneath a poplar ; where, having wrapped himself up in his cloak, he soon fell asleep. His companions lighted a fire, set two men to keep watch, and laid down to rest, after Severro had related to them Rinaldo's joke with the Marchioness.

Towards morning they all arose with one accord, being awakened by repeated firings ; and having instantly seized their arms, they heard a cry from the sentinels, flying, “We are surrounded.”

"Surrounded!" exclaimed Rinaldo.

The sentinels now pointed to the neighbouring peaks and vallies, and arms glittering around them on all sides.

Severro. Captain! what is to be done?

Rinaldo. Fight.

Severro. That's of course. But we, a handful of men, and—

Rinaldo. We must draw hither as many of our party as we can. Alsetto, with his thirty men, is still encamped on the old ground, and here we are twelve men strong. Blow the alarm-horns, and load your arms double.

The vallies now resounded with the horn, and the echoes gave back the sound. Again a horn was heard quite close to them, and presently Altaverde joined them with five of their friends.

"Comrades," cried they, "we are surrounded. Both militia and regular troops are moving towards us, and our friends Nero and Rispero have fallen into the hands of the militia."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Rinaldo.

And immediately horns were heard at a distance, then nearer and nearer, till at length they perceived Alsetto and his corps advancing towards them across the valley.

They were now forty-nine men strong, who all cried with one accord:

"Captain, let us attack!"

"Be it so (said Rinaldo) only I would first

learn where the militia are placed. Then we may easily cut our way through."

A few moments after he called to them to wheel to the left, and drew them off into the vale below.

They had marched a few hundred paces, when they saw a paper lying on the ground, which Altaverde took up and delivered to Rinaldo, who opened it and read as follows :

"In the name of the government a free pardon is hereby offered to any one of Rinaldo's men who shall voluntarily quit his service and go over to the regular troops. And whosoever shall bring the head of Rinaldini, shall receive, besides his pardon, a reward of five hundred sequins."

Rinaldo then folded up the paper, saying,

"Comrades, this paper promises you a free pardon if you will go over to the troops and put yourselves wholly and entirely in their power."

"And is it signed by the Grand Duke?" said Alsetto.

"By no man. 'Tis a scrap of paper without date, place, or signature," replied Rinaldo.

"Then we should be the most credulous of fools, (cried Altaverde) to risk our lives at the mere demand of a subaltern officer. 'Tis written by some coward, who is afraid to fight us, and, had we yielded, nobody would have avowed this engagement. We should only have been made a jest of and hung, as indeed we should justly deserve. Captain, tear it in pie-

ces, and let us send it back to them as wadding from our guns. We will singe the writer's beard with his own treacherous promises."

"Comrades (said Rinaldo,) it is my opinion that we should advance towards the frontiers of the ecclesiastical state, and cut our way through the militia into the forest of Marle."

"Let us go! Let us march!" they all cried.

Thus they crossed the valley, and drew off towards the opposite hill. They had almost gone round it, and were very near the frontiers, when they fell in with a piquet of militia, whom they unexpectedly attacked with so much vigour, that they drove them back. But presently after they met with a detachment of above a hundred and fifty men, rapidly advancing upon them.

"Comrades (cried Rinaldini) now defend yourselves bravely! We are but three steps from the frontiers, and the woods are scarcely a hundred paces off. If we are taken alive, we shall die upon the wheel or the gallows. Let us, then rather die like the brave, sword in hand. If we are but courageous, we shall certainly cut our way through.—Let us be bold and quick."

As he spoke these words, he gave the signal by firing a pistol, and rushed upon the enemy; and his companions followed his example. The fury with which the attack was made at first threw their opponents into confusion, and at length they began to yield; when one of their officers reproached them with their cowardice,

put himself at their head, and advanced into the hottest of the battle.

A dreadful slaughter now took place. Alsetto fell fighting by the side of Rinaldo, and three of his companions with him. Altaverde, Cinthio, Severro, and Rinaldo still fought like lions. Musket-balls and sabres fell with the rapidity of a hail-shower. Severro had his head cut open, and fell; and twelve of the banditti were killed near him by musket-balls and sabres. Rinaldo, with his united forces, attacked the flanks of the regulars, and at length fortunately reached the frontiers, though separated from his men. Here he was attacked by two dragoons, one of whom he shot, and the other took to flight.

Tired and fainting, he reached the wood; and concealing himself in a thick bush, sank down on the earth with a panting heart, and almost senseless.

He did not come to himself till mid-day, and then felt himself much oppressed by a most burning thirst. He therefore roused himself, and penetrated further into the forest, till he came to a fountain, where he lay down and refreshed himself. On examining his pockets, he found two biscuits, which he swallowed with the greatest avidity; and then creeping into a bush, began to reflect.

Hunger, however, soon drew him from his retreat. He got up, examined his arms, filled his bottle with water, and set forward.

He had not gone far before he heard foot-

steps; and having listened for some time, perceived a peasant, with a basket, walking quietly along. He therefore advanced to meet him, accosted him, and inquired whether he had any thing to eat.

The peasant having first stared at him with surprize and curiosity, informed him he was carrying some cheese and sausages to a neighbouring town. Rinaldo offered to purchase them, took as much of his provisions as his pouch would hold, and paid for them without treating about the price; after which the peasant, seeing he was so well paid for his provisions, added a loaf asked for by Rinaldo, but which the former had brought to eat on the road.

"What news have you?" said Rinaldo.

"This morning," replied the peasant, "there has been much blood shed upon the frontiers."

"How so?"

"The troops of Tuscany have caught that thief Rinaldini."

"So, they have caught him, have they?"

"Yes, though both he and his men defended themselves like devils. But they were all shot or cut to pieces."

"All?"

"Every one of them."

"And Rinaldini himself, too?"

"Rinaldini himself."

"That is very good news."

"Aye, very good. But at any rate the thief would have been hung soon. 'Tis a

was not taken alive, and that he died so honorable a death. However, the rascal is sure to go to the devil."

"Aye?"

"Aye; for he died without absolution, under a load of sins."

"Indeed!"

"Either of us would have died with more peace and honour, should we not?"

"Most surely; for we are neither of us thieves?"

"Well, God bless you! if you are not going my way."

Thus saying, the peasant left him; and as soon as he was out of sight, Rinaldo entered the wood, and satisfied his hunger.

After a short refreshing sleep he again arose, and proceeded some leagues farther into the forest, till at length he unexpectedly came to an open place a few hundred paces in circumference, where before him, on a hill that rose in the middle of it, were the ruins of a castle.

He now looked around, but could not perceive a living soul. A death-like silence reigned over the whole scene; nor was a single bird heard among the trees, though he thought he perceived footsteps in the grass.

He now advanced to the ruins, and entered a spacious court, covered with high grass. Here he sat down on some fragments of statues, in front of a ruined colonnade, and aban-

doned himself to his reflections, till a sudden noise alarmed him. It was a roebuck that rushed by; and Rinaldo rising, approached a flight of steps leading to the upper part of the castle.

Having ascended these, he came to a large hall, where his footsteps loudly re-echoed; but though he listened after every step, all was solitude, and no signs of a living inhabitant appeared.

This hall led to a spacious apartment, on the farther side of which were two wooden doors, fastened with iron bolts. Here he stood and listened, but heard nothing, except the noise of his own breathing; and though he knocked at both of them, the same silence still continued.

At length having drawn back the bolts of one of the doors which creaked upon its hinges, he entered into an empty room, which he immediately left. In like manner he opened the other door, and here also found an empty apartment. He therefore again bolted the doors, and returned by the way he came.

He now perceived, in a corner of the hall, a small opening, which led to another empty room. This led to a second; and that to a third. Here he suddenly trod on wood, and perceived he was on a trap door fastened by bolts, which he opened, and looked down into a dark and deep place, and a small stone staircase. He then carefully closed the door, and returned by the way he came to the court yard.

Evening now beginning to draw in fast, he looked around for a tree to pass the night in, and chose a majestic oak, amid whose thick foliage he endeavored to repose.

Having, however, passed the night with scarcely any sleep, Rinaldo left his uneasy lodging when day began to dawn, and set forward in search of water, which he soon found. As soon as he had quenched his thirst, and filled his bottle, he advanced still farther, cutting marks in the trees that he might again find his way back to the ruins.

Towards noon he approached the road that traversed the forest, and reposed, at a small distance from it, under a thick bush.

He had not lain long before he heard the voices of men, and the tinkling of mule-bells, which seemed constantly to approach ; till at length a company of gipsies appeared, consisting of three men, two old women, and a couple of young women, four children, a mule with baggage, two dogs and some animals for show.

These people seemed to know the place ; for they bent their course into the forest, and went towards the fountain which Rinaldo had just left. The dogs scarcely perceived him before they set up a dreadful cry, and flew furiously at him. One of the men seized his fusil, which lay on the panniers, and the other two drew their stilettoes.

Rinaldo now let loose his dogs, which instantly darted forward out of the bush towards the strangers.

"Holla! who are you?" cried one of the gipsies.

"Call in your dogs," cried Rinaldo, "or I will shoot them!"

They called in the dogs, and the women held them fast while Rinaldo approached them, and said, in a resolute tone,

"We can hardly have any cause to fear each other."

"Who are you?" inquired the gipsies again.

"A man," replied Rinaldo, "who knows not what it is to fear."

Gipsy Man. I know not what to make of you.

Rinaldo. Think of me as you please—but give me a glass of liquor if you have any.

Gipsy Man. You shall have some when you have paid for it.

Rinaldo. That I will do.

Gipsy Man. You look, to me, like one that—that had done something for which he was afraid of being taken up.

Rinaldo. That is impossible. Come pour out.

Gipsy Man. Yes, yes, you are certainly one of Rinaldini's people.

Rinaldo. Of what consequence is Rinaldini to either of us?

Gipsy Man. To me of great consequence.

Rinaldo. To you?

Gipsy Man. Yes, very great.

Rinaldo. How great?

Gipsy Man. At least to the amount of thousand sequins.

Rinaldo. How so?

Gipsy Man. If I could but deliver u head—

Rinaldo. Indeed ! But you are too late

Gipsy Man. Too late ? I fancy he think it always time enough to be hung.

Rinaldo. He will not think so now.

Gipsy Man. Why not ?

Rinaldo. Because he was killed in his battle with the troops of Tuscany.

Gipsy Man. And how do you know t

Rinaldo. Because I was there.

Gipsy Man. By heavens, I guesse didn't I ?

Rinaldo. Guessed what ?

Gipsy Man. That you were one people.

Rinaldo. Say that again, and by he I'll split your skull in two. I will let you who I am, I am the forester of the next town, and was ordered out against that Rinaldini, with all my people. We had hot work ; and now as we have destroyed you treat me as if—

Gipsy Man. Well, well, I beg your pardon. A man may—

Rinaldo. Come, less argument, and liquor ! Well, that is one, now for number. Now show me your passports : we have

had very strict orders to take up all such vagabonds as you.

A Woman. 'Tis excellent liquor! Entirely at your honour's service!

Rinaldo. I take no presents, and know my duty.

Gipsey Woman. Why not? Do let me—

Rinaldo. Come once more, old woman!

Gipsey Woman. With all my heart, good Mr. Forester.

Rinaldo. Is that your daughter, old Shrivelskin?

Gipsey Woman. The little one is. The tall one is a relation, a poor fatherless and motherless girl. Come hither child! She is named after her godmother Rosalia, is a good Christian, seventeen years old, and has an excellent heart!—Shall I pour out another glass?

Rinaldo. With all my heart!

Gipsey Woman. Rosalia, give Mr. Forester a piece of rice-cake!

Rosalia. Here, here, Forester! Much good may it do you!

Rinaldo. Hark ye, my maid, are you really christened?

Gipsey Woman. Heaven forgive your disbelief! Yes indeed she was regularly christened at Macerata, as her certificate will prove.

Rosalia. Yes certainly I was! I was!

Rinaldo. Now what am I indebted to you?

Gipsey Woman. Oh, by his holiness! not a doit. We will not take any money of you, good Mr. Forester!

Rinaldo. I cannot accept presents. Come, out with your passports! what have you in these panniers? What, the deuce! How came you by these large wax candles? You must certainly have stolen them?

Gipsey Woman. God forbid! Mr. Forester! What do you take us for? Stolen, indeed! No, we paid good hard money for them!

Rinaldo. And what use do you make of these church candles?

Gipsey Woman. By night, Mr. Forester, when the weather is dark and stormy, in the woods; and when—

Rinaldo. I will buy two of them.

Gipsey Woman. They are at your service.

Rinaldo. I will also buy your bread.

Gipsey Woman. With all my heart!

Rinaldo. Now reckon what I owe you. Come shew me your passports! Will you sell me the whole bottle of liquor?

Gipsey Woman. Certainly.

Gipsey Man. Mr. Forester is a good customer!

Rinaldo. Yes, I will buy every thing that pleases me. I will buy this girl, if you will sell her, and she has no objection.

Rosalia. In what capacity?

Rinaldo. As my housekeeper. I want just such a girl as you.

Rosalia. If I can earn my wages I will go with you immediately.

Rinaldo. I mean so.

Gipsey Woman. You shall have her. I will sell her for three ducats.

Rinaldo. I will give only two.

Gipsey Woman. Well, take her! But with one condition, that you shall not ask us for our passports!

Rinaldo. Aha! Very well! But beware that you do not fall into the hands of the militia, for they are out to-day.

Gipsey Woman. We shall soon get out of the wood.

Rinaldo. I would advise you to do so. Here is the money for the girl; and here are a couple of pauls* for my reckoning.

Gipsey Woman. Thank you, Mr. Forester!

Rosalia. Good bye! good bye!

Gipsey Woman. Behave yourself well, and don't shame us. What is the name of the place, Mr. Forester, where you are going to take her?

Rinaldo. To Sarsiglia, where I am forester. My name is Bénvenuto Fromiglia: the whole town knows me.

Gipsey Woman. We only ask that we may know where to find her.

Rinaldo. Very well! God bless you!

Rosalia. Adieu!

The Gipsies now loaded their beast, and began to set forward.

Rosalia took up her bundle, and accompanied Rinaldo, who pursued his way towards the ruined castle, and was very gay and happy.

* A piece of money worth about 5s. 3-8.

Rosalia expressed her wonder at the ruins, remarked it would make an excellent habitation for gipsies, and laid herself down near Rinaldo who had extended himself on the grass.

Rinaldo. And are you really come with me willingly?

Rosalia. Yes; or else I would not be so cheerful. The life I have hitherto led has long been wearisome to me; and I had formed a plan of some time or other leaving my companions in the night, only I did not know where to go. But this is better.

Rinaldo. Who knows whether it will be better or worse?

Rosalia. Why so? A gipsy girl is but a poor wretch! One must turn one's hand to something, or one cannot get one's bread. If one is once caught stealing, it is all over; and they give us no quarters between heaven and earth.—But if I am your housekeeper—

Rinaldo. I will not deceive you; I am no forester.

Rosalia. Oh, heavens! then what are you!

Rinaldo. You may still rejoin your company, if you are not inclined to stay with me. I will not detain you: you are perfectly free. Thus you see I deal fairly with you; and I will even be so imprudent as to tell you who I am—I am Rinaldini!

Rosalia. Oh, heavens! what shall I do?

Rinaldo. Go back, and join your company, I give you full permission to do so.

Rosalia. Ah! what a famous man! I am quite frightened, for you are so great a man, and I—

Rinaldo. Be not uneasy. Here are ten ducats, which I make you a present of.

Rosalia. Oh, stay, let me but think a while! Shall I, or shall I not? Well, come what may—I'll stay with you!

Rinaldo. Will you, indeed?

Rosalia. Yes, I will.

Rinaldo. Very well! You shall see I will be careful of you; and when I am well off you shall be so too, and shall want for nothing I can procure you. Give me your hand, and promise to stay with me!

Rosalia. I do. Here is my hand!

Rinaldo. Your open countenance prejudices me in your favour, and I give you my whole confidence. You may therefore believe that I wish to be worthy of yours.

Rosalia. Rinaldini! though you are so terrible a man, I will not be afraid, but will stay with you, and serve you faithfully. It seems as if I had already known you long, and we were old acquaintances.

Rinaldo. So it is with me; and that is the reason why I place so much confidence in you.

Rosalia. You are very kind! The more confidence you place in me, the happier I am with you.

Rinaldo. I will tell you all. Just as you see me here I escaped from an engagement with the troops of Tuscany; which but few of my men

survived. I am now quite alone, and do not expect again to see the remainder of my company. Fortune, perhaps, has separated me from them for my good. I am informed by a peasant, that the Tuscans believe I was killed in the battle; and I am very glad they think so. Perhaps they mistook me for my friend Severo, who resembled me, and whose head being cut open, they saw him fall; or perhaps some of my men, who might be wounded and taken prisoners, have given out that I am killed to secure me from pursuit. I wish all Italy may believe it! Amid these ruins I will pass a couple of days, till the soldiers are gone, and then we will approach certain places where I have buried some gold. If we only find three of them undiscovered, we shall have enough to live on and will take ship, abandon Italy, sail to some foreign country, and there pass our lives together in peace.

Rosalia. That is an excellent plan; and I would give any thing to see it completed.

Rinaldo. Well, we will endeavour to accomplish it.

Thus this new alliance was concluded, and sealed with a breakfast; after which Rinaldo conducted his companion into an inner chamber of the castle, and lighted the two candles he had bought, to examine the place to which the stairs under the trap-door led.

Having descended these, they came to a spacious vault, which seemed to be the vestibule of one much larger.—~~Thus~~ they examined, and

found quite empty ; and at the end of it they came to another staircase leading up to a trap-door which stood open, and led into a small court grown over with grass. Here they crept through a narrow opening, which seemed once to have served as a door-way into a small apartment, of which the window shutters were shut. They approached a side door, which was bolted, and which they opened while two snakes hissed by them. At first they started back ; but again proceeded, and entered a small room ; from which, however, they instantly returned, in consequence of a dreadful smell that assailed them. But Rinaldo re-entering, found two corpses lying on the earth, in a state of corruption. They were quite naked, and covered with blood.

"This," said he, "is the abode of murderers !" as he left the apartment, and again shut the door.

This horrid discovery made him uneasy ; and turning to Rosalia, he said,

"Here we must not stay long, I thought these ruins had been the haunt of snakes and owls, and now I find a den of assassins."

Rosalia drew back with horror ; nor did Rinaldo long delay ere he returned with her the way they came, and hastened out of the castle as if they had been pursued.—They were scarcely arrived in the open court before a gun was heard, the ball of which passed between them. Rinaldo took his gun, and fired.

on the bush whence the shot seemed to proceed.

Upon this he heard a loud curse and a rustling noise ; and instantly an armed man presented himself, and said in a thundering voice,

“ Here no one dares resist ! I am Baptistello, captain of a formidable band of men who are the terror of the whole country.”

Rinaldo. Ah ! do I at last see thee, thou terrible Baptistello ! of whom I have so often heard ? Are you he ?

Baptistello. I am.

Rinaldo. Now, then, learn that I will not yield a hair's breadth to you. I am as much dreaded as you ; I am Rinaldini, who never yet knew fear !

Baptistello. Ah ! do we meet here ? Know that we do not meet only to exchange these empty words ! I am jealous of your fame ; and this rencounter can only end in the destruction of one of us. That I will not submit to you, you may easily imagine : so draw your sabre, and shew if you have any skill to use it.

Rinaldo. That you shall experience. But let your men come out from their ambush !

Baptistello. I am quite alone, he that conquers shall be the other's heir.

Rinaldo. Mine is this young woman.

Baptistello. Agreed. I will suffer her to go ; and, besides, make her a present. Let your men come forward !

Rinaldo. They are above half a league off.

Baptistello. Come, then, draw !

Rinaldo now threw down his arms, and took off his hunting pouch, while Rosalia's eyes were filled with tears.—Rinaldo saw them not, but drew his sabre, and quickly went up to Baptistello, who already stood in a posture to receive him, which he did with coolness and courage.—Stroke followed stroke, parried and returned alternately by each. The combat continued some minutes. Rinaldo grew hotter and hotter : but Baptistello still remained cool and collected. Rinaldo no longer saw nor heard any thing, but furiously raged against his adversary, who, unperceived by him, drew out a pistol with his left hand, which he hid behind his back, and fired at Rinaldo, but missed him.

“Villain !” cried Rinaldo, and drawing a pistol from his girdle, shot his adversary through the head. Baptistello fell, and Rosalia screamed aloud. Baptistello gave up the ghost without speaking a single word, and Rinaldo wrapped him up, and threw him into the bush from which he had fired at him.

Here he found a bundle which he took up and gave to Rosalia ; besides which he took a ring from his finger and a box of gold from his pocket.

“Now, Rosalia,” cried he, “let us depart before the villain's companions come.”

Having proceeded about a league and a half, they found a retired spot in the thickest part of the wood that covered the sides of a hill, at the foot of which a silver stream murmured down the declivity. In the middle of the hill was an

open place, where they reposed themselves, and talked of this bloody rencounter.

Rinaldo now counted over the gold he had found upon his adversary, amounting to above two hundred ducats, besides some gold medals and pocket-pieces. Meanwhile Rosalia examined the bundle, which contained a hermit's frock, a couple of false noses, a beard and some linen, which came very apropos for both of them.

Upon this they took a frugal repast ; and having conversed on various subjects, passed the night in this retired and beautiful scene.

BOOK III.

The sun was now risen, and our adventurers were proceeding on their way. At first they approached nearer to the road, but soon changed their course, and perceived, as they were quitting it, a peasant coming towards them, who, on seeing them, doubled his pace. Rosalia hurried back into the forest : but Rinaldo stood and waited for the peasant, who, at a few paces distance, cried out aloud,

“ Welcome, welcome, my long-lost friend and captain.”

Rinaldo knew the voice, and soon perceived that the man who expressed so much joy at seeing him, was his brave companion Cinthio.

They immediately embraced affectionately ; and Rosalia, trembling with fear, approached.

Rinaldo. And do I see you again, my brave Cinthio ? And have you really escaped from the slaughter ?

Cinthio. Fortunately I have ! Altaverde, myself, and young Stefano, together with you, are all that have escaped out of forty-nine. We three, all wounded, but myself the least, were driven over the mountain. Matteo, with his troop, were harassed at the pass of Caprile ; and, therefore, to be nearer the frontiers, removed over the heights of Perla, where we met him, and related our misfortune. There was no time to lose. We attacked a post of militia, left eight men upon the field, and cut our way through into this forest.

Rinaldo. And have you taken up your abode here ?

Cinthio. We have.

Rinaldo. Lead me to the brave fellows—I know an excellent place for us !

Cinthio. And who is this girl ?

Rinaldo. She belongs to me.

Cinthio. Then welcome to our party !

They now proceeded to the place where Matteo and his companions had pitched their tents. Here Rinaldo was received with the greatest joy, and related his battle with Baptistello.

“ ’Twas a brave action, Captain,” cried Matteo, “ to destroy such a villain ! ”

Rinaldo now described to them the ruins,

and they immediately struck their tents to remove thither. Having taken up their quarters there, they began to prepare for their next meal.

Towards evening the sentinels gave the alarm; upon which they all seized their arms, and advanced to meet a troop that was approaching, and which consisted of ten men belonging to Baptistello's band. They soon came to an engagement and the adverse party were worsted. Six of them were killed on the spot: the remaining four submitted, took an oath of fidelity to Rinaldo, and were received into his band; upon which a feast was given, that continued till a late hour at night.

"It is of importance to us," said Rinaldo, after passing a couple of joyful days in the castle, "to learn the state of affairs in Florence, and hear some news of our comrades. I have determined to seek this information myself, and shall therefore to-morrow leave you for a short time; but I hope to see you soon again. Till then let Altaverde be your commander, and Matteo and Cinthio his assistants."

Notwithstanding the strong representations made to him of the danger he would incur, Rinaldo persisted in his intentions, and early the following morning mounted a beautiful horse, being handsomely dressed, and attended by Rosalia, as his servant, in boy's clothes, upon a mule.

He pursued the road to Oriolo, and hastened

toward the mountain to pay a visit to his friend Donato.

The soldiers had now returned to their quarters, believing they had entirely exterminated Rinaldini's band. Thus the frontiers were open and unguarded, and the morning being extremely hot, when Rinaldo approached the hermitage, Donato was sitting before the door. On hearing the tread of horses he arose, and was advancing when Rinaldo presented himself. Donato did not immediately know him, as his countenance was disguised ; yet he felt a kind of suspicion, which led him to examine his visitor's face more narrowly than usual.

Rinaldo. God be with you !

Donato. And with you !

Rinaldo. I am glad to see you well, my dear friend.

Donato. Do you know me then ?

Rinaldo. Yes ; we know each other.

Donato. Are you—

Rinaldo. Can you not guess who I am.

Donato. I suspect :—and are you still alive ?

Rinaldo. As you see.

Donato. They say you are certainly dead.

Rinaldo. So much the better ! You see, however, I am still in the land of the living.

Donato. And how did you escape from that bloody affray ?

Rinaldo. A man may cut his way through, if he does not fall, and that was my case.

Donato. And your people ?

Rinaldo. A third part of them bit the earth.

Donato. 'Tis said above a hundred men.

Rinaldo. Believe but half that number : for that is quite enough.

Donato. And what would you here now ?

Rinaldo. See you once more before I quit Italy.

Donato. What do you mean ?

Rinaldo. What I have said.

Donato. And in some other country—

Rinaldo. I will live in peace and tranquillity, do as much good as I can, and no longer head a band of robbers.

Donato. May heaven bless and favour your resolution !

Rinaldo. And now I come to take up my quarters with you, to eat and drink with you, and not depart till to-morrow. The horse and mule were now unsaddled, the bags brought into Donato's room, and his guests seated. He brought out whatever he had to eat and drink, and Rosalia, who in her present dress was called Rosetta, undertook to dress the victuals.

Towards evening Rinaldo and Donato sat before the door, and observed the thunder clouds that collected around the mountain and veiled its summit. Lightning darted along the sultry horizon, and the echo repeated and redoubled the distant thunder. Presently fell a few drops of rain, which soon increased to a very heavy shower, and drove them into the hermitage, where they seated themselves at the table, while Rosalia poured out the wine.

Rinaldo. Now my friend, since this is pre-

bably the last time we shall ever meet, do me the favour no longer to conceal the truth ; but tell me where is Aurelia ?

Donato. I swear by heaven she is no longer in this neighbourhood.

Rinaldo. Is she in a convent ?

Donato. No ; her father has taken her way.

Rinaldo. Who is her father ?

Donato. My friend, whom you saw when you last departed hence—the knight of Malta and prince of Rocella.

Rinaldo. And I suspect the lady in the nun's dress is her mother.

Donato. She is so ; and after the birth of her daughter retired to the convent ; for her lover, the father of her child, is a knight of Malta.* He has now taken his daughter with him, in order to marry her to advantage.

Rinaldo. Are you related to him ?

Donato. I am his Uncle.

Rinaldo. You are, perhaps—?

Donato. I am an exiled Roman, of a noble family, that has been forced to yield to the power of faction and Nepotism,† the usurpations and oppressions of which they resisted.

Rinaldo. Can I be of service to you in opposing your enemies ?

Donato. I have forgiven them, and leave their punishment to heaven.

* The knights of Malta are under a vow of perpetual celibacy.—T.

† A word used to describe the factions arising from the power and influence of the relations of the Pope.—T.

Rinaldo. Are you in want of money?

Donato. By no means; besides, you have lately sent me presents without my permission. We are now drinking some of the wine you gave me.

Rinaldo. Is Aurelia happy?

Donato. I hope and believe she is. But are you not afraid to travel alone, in a country where spies are every where watching for you?

Rinaldo. I am not without protection; except against myself.

Donato. You are a formidable man.

Rinaldo. And fear no one but myself.

Donato. Then you have to contend with a formidable enemy whom you will never vanquish.

At break of day Rinaldo took leave of his host, and having left him a letter of protection, went in search of a place, where he had buried some money, which he fortunately found again; and was about to mount his horse, when he perceived a capuchin approach. He presently discovered him to be Amadeo, who in this disguise was seeking his companions, and they immediately embraced and had much to relate to each other. During a hearty breakfast, of which the capuchin had great need, Rinaldo wrote a letter to his people, which he sent by Amadeo to Altaverde. It was to the following effect:

“Circumstances oblige me to go a greater distance than I expected. It will therefore be *some time* before I see you again. Should your *present abode* become unsafe or ineligible, go

back to the Appenines, where you may now remain undisturbed. Endeavour to increase your numbers, and be prudent. I am on the road to strike a great stroke. Above all things I recommend to you unanimity, and the total annihilation of Baptistello's band."

With these instructions Amadeo proceeded by the road which Rinaldo described, to join his companions; while the latter took his way over San Benedetto to Sarsina, on his road to Cesena. He soon fell in with Nicolo and Sebastiano, who had quitted the forest of Basino and reached the frontiers without impediment. Nicolo received instructions how to find his companions, and Sebastiano continued with Rinaldo as his coachman. For he purchased a coach and four mules at Sarsina, his baggage becoming heavier and heavier, in consequence of the treasure he had dug up in various places. Rosalia accompanied him in the carriage, and he travelled as the Count of Dalbrogio.

At Cesena he found a mountebank singing the acts of Rinaldini, in the public square, under a painted canopy. The multitude who crowded around him, listened to him with the greatest attention, and Rinaldo joined the circle to hear what was said of him. When the mountebank had sung several stanzas, he pulled his hat off and cried, "Let us say a paternoster, my Christian brethren, for the poor repentant Rinaldini."

Upon this they all uncovered and prayed; and Rinaldo, to avoid observation, also joined in

this prayer himself. The mountebank now threw his hat down among the audience, saying, "I also am a poor Christian; blessed be they that give!"

One of the company took up the hat and received in it a shower of small coin, and Rinaldo threw in some silver, which drew from one of his neighbors an exclamation of "Bravo Cristiano!" When the hat came back to its owner, he gathered the money, put it in his pocket, and placing his hat upon his head, sang three or four more stanzas.

The audience, who were all much moved, except Rinaldo, now dispersed, while the mountebank packed up his little stage and removed to another square to repeat the same performance. Many of the company followed him to hear once more this interesting story.

Meanwhile Rinaldo turned to one of his neighbours, who seemed to be a magistrate or person of consequence, and asked him,

"Is Rinaldini really dead?"

"Yes," replied the other; "and God be merciful to his sinful soul! His death is certain."

"Where then did he die?"

"In the mountains; in a battle with the militia of Tuscany. His head is now on a pole before the town-house of Pienza."

"That is very good news!"

"Certainly; for he was the terror of all Tuscany and Lombardy. 'Tis much to be la-

mented that he employed his courage and his talents to no better purpose."

A Franciscan monk offered to say a couple of masses for Rinaldini's soul, and received the money for that purpose. Rinaldo gave him something towards it, and thus contributed to his own obsequies while yet alive.

On the following day, when he was about to leave Cesena, he perceived the abovementioned knight of Malta coming towards him, and, as it was impossible to avoid a meeting, went directly up to him and took him by the hand, saying :

"Prince, I am in your power."

"Heavens!" returned the prince with astonishment, "is it possible? have you really thus escaped?"

Rinaldo. You see I am still alive.

Prince. From me you have nothing to fear. I am no police officer.

Rinaldo. Should it ever in the course of my life be in my power to serve you—

Prince. No ceremonies! Only take care of yourself.

Rinaldo. Every one believes I am dead, and they are singing my untimely end in every street.

Prince. So much the better for you; but do you venture thus openly and alone?

Rinaldo. Imagine not I am alone. My people accompany me in a hundred different shapes, and my apprehension would cause a torrent of blood.

Prince. How? Have you?

Rinaldo. I have sixty of the most resolute fellows with me in this very town.

Prince. You astonish me.

Rinaldo. Rather pity me. I am now going to Venice on my way to the mountains of the Tyrol: and who knows whether I shall ever arrive there?

Prince. Will you never abandon this course of life?

Rinaldo. I will. In Germany I intend to dismiss my troop, should I be so fortunate as to arrive there. But where are you going?

Prince. To Urbino.

Rinaldo. There I shall see you again; but mean while permit me to ask you, is your daughter happy?

Prince. How? Do you know the—

Rinaldo. Donato is my friend.

Prince. Yes; she is happily married.

Rinaldo. God bless her! Prince, my people fell in with your mules and—

Prince. Silence on that subject.

Rinaldo. Do me the favour to accept from me this ring. If you will not wear it yourself give it to Aurelia.

Prince. As a remembrance from so great a man, I will accept it.

Rinaldo. I thank you: and as you intend to travel so far, I also request your acceptance of this letter; in consequence of which my people will respect you wherever you may meet them.

Prince. Well! I will also accept this present—but, sincerely, how strong are you?

Rinaldo. I am as strong as an army. I have eight hundred men under my orders throughout Italy. From Savoy to Naples ten captains command them, and I am their generalissimo.

Prince. Oh! how much have you to answer for!

Rinaldo. Only for what I myself command. Fare you well!

Thus saying he went and ordered his carriage, but prudently took neither the road to Venice nor Urbino; but by another way returned to the forest.

This time, however, Rinaldo did not visit Donato, but having sold his mules, sent forward Sebastiano, and restoring his money to a place of security, set forwards for the Appennine mountains.

Here he found an empty hermitage, which seemed to have been recently deserted, as appeared by some fresh writing that lay on the table, to the following effect:

“Whoever thou art that shalt succeed me, and choose this hermitage for thy abode, mayest thou be as happy as I who have hitherto inhabited it, and have written this paper, which I request you in like manner to leave behind you.”

Rinaldo had scarcely read this, before a thought struck him, to live there for a while in the character of a hermit. He immediately

put on his hermit's dress, and Rosalia acted as housekeeper; though their mode of life, particularly their table and cellar, were far more luxurious than a hermit usually enjoys.

Two days after they arrived here, as Rinaldo was taking his morning walk, he saw a man sitting on an eminence and drawing. Having therefore approached and accosted him, he inquired what he was about.

"I am taking a view of this place," said he, "because it has of late acquired great celebrity." "How so?" "Do you not know? This is the spot where Rinaldo died. Under that tree his head was cut open, and he expired immediately. A soldier, who was in the engagement, gave me a full description of the place. When I have made my drawing and engraved it, I shall sell it prettily coloured, and make a great profit. Another plate will contain the battle, which will doubtless sell very well. In the view I am now taking, I shall introduce a gallows near the tree I have just mentioned, as an emblem of the subject."

"An excellent speculation!"

"Aye, that is the way of the world. Such incidents are always beneficial to the arts."

Rinaldo wished him a good sale for his pictures, and left him. Yet he could not help feeling some pain at the emblem which was to serve as his monument.

As he returned to his hermitage he heard a noise there; on listening to which, he perceiv-

ed some voices speaking in a threatening tone, and Rosalia weeping.

He instantly entered the room, where he saw Rosalia, crying, on a bench, and two ill-looking fellows about to break open a cupboard, upon which they were so intent that they did not hear Rinaldo come in. The latter gave Rosalia the wink to be silent, and suddenly advancing, threw one of them on the ground, and seized a pistol belonging to the other, which lay on the table. Rosalia suddenly took up a musket from behind a chair, and, springing forward, attacked the other thief, who, astonished and confounded, let fall the tool with which he was breaking open the cupboard.

Meanwhile Rinaldo, applying the pistol to the breast of the man who was down, called to the other,

“Lay down your arms.”

Rosalia also called out to him, repeating these orders, and added,

“Lay them down, you villain, or I will shoot you dead.”

Both the robbers were now disarmed, and Rinaldo asked them with the utmost coolness and tranquillity,

“What is your business here? who are you?”

“Behave with respect,” replied the one, “we belong to Rinaldini.”

“Never, never,” said Rinaldini, “such actions his people never would commit. No, no, you are thieves, of whom Rinaldini knows as little as you of him. Villains that you are.”

kneel down and ask pardon—I, I myself am Rinaldini.”

On this they both knelt down, full of terror, and embraced his knees.

“Pardon! Captain,” said the one, hesitating, “we did not know you, but we have really belonged to your people these three days. Alta-verde and Cinthio themselves enlisted us. We deserve punishment by your laws; punish us as you please.”

Rinaldo was about to answer, when the door opened, and Cinthio entered.

“You have been enlisting some pretty rascals here!” cried Rinaldo.

Cinthio. The devil! what! you here, Captain! and in a hermit’s frock. I never should have expected it. How I rejoice to see you again! But what is the use of these reliques! Are you performing your noviciate?

Rinaldo. Do these men know our laws?

Cinthio. They have heard them read.

Rinaldo. And have they sworn to them?

Cinthio. They have.

Rinaldo. This young woman was left here alone, and when I entered, these men were breaking open the cupboard.

Rosalia. And besides, I showed them a letter of protection from Rinaldini himself.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Cinthio. A thousand curses on them! and not to respect your Captain’s written order! holla! comrades, come in, bind these villains to yon-

der tree, and shoot them.—They have violated their Captain's letter of protection.

"Curses on the assassins!" cried the robbers, who had instantly entered on Cinthio's calling them; and immediately seized and took them out. Thus having bound them to a tree, and firing eight musket balls at them, they blew out their brains.

This incident occasioned Rinaldo to leave the hermitage. Meanwhile Cinthio collected his people together, and being twenty in number, they descended into the valley, and so to the mountain of Fortini, where Altaverde was stationed with a party of sixty men, he having remarked some movements in the ecclesiastical state, tending to their expulsion from the forest they had hitherto occupied.

Rinaldo now ordered his tent on the summit of the highest hill, towards Belsorte, to be struck, mustered his band which he found eighty strong, and removed to a mountain which commanded Brancolino.

A few days afterward came Altaverde, and joined him. "Captain," said he, "we begin to be in great want of provisions."

Rinaldo. It must be remedied.

Altaverde. The men murmur at it, and begin to complain of their inactivity.

Rinaldo. Then we must find them employment.

Altaverde. Certainly. And besides money is very scarce with some of them, who have lost at play.

Rinaldo. Well, here are two hundred sequins, which I will distribute among the men. Employment they shall also have. Let the whole troop be assembled this evening. I will assign them their parts.

When evening came the band assembled in the appointed valley, where Rinaldo joined them in his Captain's uniform, and ordered them to form a circle round him. This they silently performed, leaned on their muskets, and waited with the greatest expectation to hear what their commander would say.

"Comrades," said Rinaldo, "I am informed your provisions begin to fail, and it is fit we should take measures to procure a fresh supply; but this must be done with prudence. I therefore divide among you two hundred sequins of my own property."

"Long live our Captain," cried they all, till the mountains re-echoed with the sound.

Rinaldo having taken off his hat, and again covered himself, proceeded;—

"With this money let provisions be bought in the neighbouring towns, and those of you who are best acquainted with the places may perform this commission in the dress of hermits. On this subject they may communicate with Altaverde, who will superintend the whole. In five or six days I will speak to you again, and hope then to lead you forth to a great enterprize. Meanwhile Cinthio may enter the frontier forest by the great road, accompanied by twelve of you, and return with wine and

fruit, or oil; he knows what he is to do. I will give him money to pay the poor carriers for whatever he may take of them; besides which, he will admonish them to silence under the strongest threats. The carriages and mules must not be taken from them.—But if an idle prelate, or such person, come in your way, take from them what they have in money and money's worth. But I again recommend your sparing all poor travellers and hermits. Every violation of this rule I will punish, as you know, with death. Now depart to your various stations, and so farewell!”

Having said this, Rinaldo left them, and aloud cry of joy pursued him as he went.

When he returned to his tent he found Rosalia sitting in a corner, full of terror and alarm.

Rinaldo. What is the matter?

Rosalia. Oh! I tremble from head to foot.

Rinaldo. What has happened?

Rosalia. I have twice seen a white figure. The second time it looked into the tent, raised its hand, and threatened with its finger. I thank God you are returned.

Rinaldo, without saying a word, made a signal, on which, some of his people came in, among whom was Cinthio.—Rinaldo informed them what Rosalia had seen, and immediately gave orders to post guards all around the mountain, at the same time sending Sebastiano to Altaverde, whom he informed what had happened, and instructed to be on the watch.

They all went to their posts, and Rinaldo threw himself on his bed, having first lighted an additional lamp. Rosalia sat by him and played on the guitar.

She had not sung many stanzas before the white figure came into the tent, and Rosalia screamed aloud, "Jesu Maria! there it is!" and Rinaldo rising, asked, "Who art thou?" but receiving no answer, he seized a pistol, and taking aim at the figure, said

"If you are a ghost expect this ball."

The figure still threatened with the finger, and Rinaldo pulled the trigger; but his pistol though an excellent one, missed fire, and, as he again cocked it, the figure disappeared. Rinaldo sprung up and hurried out; but could not see any thing. Immediately a gun went off in the valley, then a second, then a third.

Rinaldo now hastened down the hill to his sentinels, three of whom had seen a white figure, at which they had fired. Upon this a general alarm was spread, with horns and fifes; and immediately the whole corps was assembled.

After relating to each other what they had seen, and continuing some time together, they again separated, and Rinaldo returned to his tent; where he and Rosalia having drunk some wine, they lay down. Rosalia soon fell asleep, but Rinaldo thus communed with himself.

"History affords various examples of similar appearances foretelling the fall of great men.

Brutus was forewarned by a ghost, who spoke to him; this figure, however, preserved a perfect silence. Yet it threatened with its finger—was this to me?—but it first threatened Rosalia, when she sat alone in the tent. To her first, to me afterwards:—this was not imagination; five of us saw it. My best pistol missed fire, which it never did before, and my men, who did fire, missed their aim, though they can always hit their man. How wonderful! Yet wherefore should I be afraid?—afraid?—no, that I will never be.”

Unable to sleep, he sprang up, threw on his cloak, and descended into the valley, where he drank and conversed with his sentinels; and began to joke on what had passed.

The sun now rising he feasted his eyes on the magnificent scenery it afforded, at the same time saying to himself with a sigh:

“Yet it rises not to me so beautiful as when I tended my father’s goats.”

Nicolo now came running up to him, and crying out:

“Captain, we have taken some loads of provisions belonging to the rich monks of Mangolo, for which reason we have paid nothing for them. If the monks wish to be paid, they may apply to you. But the best of the story is, that we made a friar that accompanied it say a paternoster for us all, and give us absolution, which he did with a lamentable voice, and then we let him go.”

“This incident will make a noise,” said Ri-

naldo, and returned in pensive mood to his tent, where Rosalia was already risen and preparing chocolate.

Rinaldo seated himself to breakfast before his tent, and viewed the misty vale, from which, as the sun became more powerful, the fog departed, and the distant plains displayed themselves in all their varied beauties to his view.

He now looked through his glass at the intersecting roads, and found them all clear, except a carriage which was moving slowly on; calling therefore to Sebastiano, he instructed him to see what it was, and the latter immediately flew to execute his commands.

Rinaldo now fixed his eyes on a castle at no great distance, which, without being able to account for it, had particularly attracted his attention: he resolved to take a nearer view of it. He therefore dressed himself in a green hunter's dress edged with gold, put on a hat adorned with feathers, took his double-barrelled gun, and, accompanied by his dog, descended the hill, and took the road that led to the castle.

To the right was a monastery inhabited by well-fed Benedictines; before the door, of which a monk was walking to and fro, and reading.

Having saluted each other, they entered into the following conversation:

Rinaldo. You seem to contemplate me with wonder? at what are you surprised?

Monk. I am wondering to see you travelling alone, as if you had nothing to fear?

Rinaldo. And what should I fear?

Monk. Do you not know these mountains are infested with banditti?

Rinaldo. I have not heard of them.

Monk. Yes, it is perfectly true; we have found it true by experience. They have taken from us a quantity of wine, and Father Barnard, who accompanied it was obliged to absolve the villains. Such an absolution, however, being compulsory, cannot avail: and the vagabonds will pay dearly for their joke.

Rinaldo. How so?

Monk. The rascals will not only be formally excommunicated by us, but we shall also give intelligence of the event, and a body of men will be sent out against them that will ferret them out of all their holes.

Rinaldo. Then blood will flow.

Monk. The more their blood flows the better for injured mankind.

Rinaldo. Will money and good words purchase a breakfast of you?

Monk. Most assuredly; walk in.

Rinaldo. I would rather have it in the open air; and then return up the mountain, since you tell me the road is not safe.

Upon this the monk left him, and soon returned with a lay-brother, who brought a bottle of wine and some pastry.

Monk. Do you live in this neighbourhood?

Rinaldo. I am on a visit with a friend, whose castle is not far.

Monk. Aha! you have not heard then of the famous Rinaldini?

Rinaldo. He was killed in a skirmish. I heard a circumstantial account of his death at Cesena.

Monk. So it is reported; yet some maintain that this Proteus is still alive, and indeed, a true Proteus he must be; for he goes about in a thousand various forms.

Rinaldo. Do you not know him?

Monk. God forbid! If we knew where to meet with him, we would endeavor to purchase from him a letter of protection for us and our property.

Rinaldo. And how much would you give him?

Monk. We have offered him an hundred sequins, and broke off because he demanded more.

Rinaldo. But suppose you gave the money to the soldiers who are sent out against him?

Monk. That would avail but little, for his troops are always increasing, though they have been frequently half destroyed. Besides, he is above five hundred strong.

Rinaldo. Heavens! and how does this man support so large a band?

Monk. By robbery,—they steal like crows.

Rinaldo. But I should think, if proper measures were adopted, this evil might be eradicated.

Monk. Proper measures! how so?

Rinaldo. At least I think so.

Monk. Well! every man may have useful ideas; be he layman or priest—but what do you think ought to be done?

Rinaldo. In my opinion government might effect it.

Monk. As for example?

Rinaldo. A general pardon for Rinaldo and his people!

Monk. God forbid!

Rinaldo. An invitation to return and mix in civil society!

Monk. God defend us! who could associate with such robbers and outlaws? We could not even conscientiously bury a pious Christian by the side of such a ruffian. Talk not then of any man living with him in society—No, that is impossible—the sins of this reprobate may indeed be pardoned on his death bed, if he turn to God; but hang he must without remission. If he die in his sins and without absolution, the devil will have his soul—but no man must, on any account, hold communion with such a miscreant.

Rinaldo. And yet you yourself wish to hold communion with him.

Monk. How! God forbid!

Rinaldo. Would you not buy of him a letter of protection?

Monk. That is not communion, but prudence. Necessity has no law. We will buy of him a protection, and then excommunicate him.

Such men must be dealt with as the Heathens, who know not God.

Rinaldo. Suppose now I were Rinaldini, and knew thy intention?

Monk. God forbid!

Rinaldo. I am only supposing a case.

Monk. Well; but—

Rinaldo. Then would I—supposing I were Rinaldini—you understand——

Monk. Yes, yes.

Rinaldo. Then I would punish you all severely.

Monk. 'Tis well Rinaldini knows it not.

Rinaldo. Yes, indeed.

Monk. For he must be a very revengeful fellow; but perhaps he is no more.

Rinaldo. That is highly probable. It is asserted that his head is now exposed on a pole at Pienza.

Monk. Is it so? But I am as much afraid of his people as of himself.

Rinaldo. But who knows whether they have his head?

Monk. Head! hem! that can be of little use! What can the head of a goatherd avail them?

Rinaldo. In that respect nature may have been more bountiful to him than to many a prelate.

Monk. He has never studied; and nature does nothing alone. I presume you have gone through your studies.

Rinaldo. At three different universities.

Monk. Indeed; Jurisprudence?

Rinaldo. Ethics, logic, &c.

Monk. Aha! Very excellent studies! Are you your own master?

Rinaldo. I am. At least I think so.

Monk. Have you any fortune?

Rinaldo. A large one.

Monk. Riches are the gift of God. To those he loves he gives gold; and, observe, a good understanding to employ it properly. We here are not so rich as we appear. We have just enough to eat and drink, but no superfluities.

Rinaldo. Superfluities are useless; they but enervate mankind, and render them lethargic and inactive. Your wine is good.

Monk. Oh yes; we have a good glass of wine—for strangers. As for ourselves, we drink none; or at least, very little.

Rinaldo. Then drink some with me!

Monk. I thank you.

Rinaldo. Come no ceremony.

Monk. Well, if you insist upon it—if you positively will have it so—your health, noble sir!

Rinaldo. Good may it do you! Since we are here together, let us empty a bottle between us.

Monk. Well, I—

Rinaldo. You have no objection, I presume?

Monk. Objection! O yes, but—

Rinaldo. No ceremonies! But tell me, to whom belongs yon beautiful castle?

Monk. It has lately come into the possession of the Baron Rovezzo, who has lately purchased it: but it formerly belonged to the house of Altieri.

Rinaldo. Does the Baron reside there?

Monk. Both he and his lovely young bride, whom he has lately brought home. She is a quiet, good Christian, but the Baron is a little wild. May I ask you your name?

Rinaldo. Count Dalbroggo.

Monk. Dalbroggo! Dalbroggo! That is a family from—

Rinaldo. The Italian part of Switzerland.

Monk. Aha! from Switzerland?—So—

At this time Sebastiano slowly and silently approaching them, Rinaldo gave him a wink, and thus addressed him:

Rinaldo. Whither are you going traveller?

Sebastiano. To the mountains where I live.

Rinaldo. Do you live safe there?

Sebastiano. Why not?

Rinaldo. They talk of robbers.

Sebastiano. Where nothing is, nothing can be lost. We have not much, at best. Within such walls as these they would find a richer booty.

Monk. The little we have is the property of the church.

Sebastiano. On which you most heartily fatten! Addio.

Monk. Hark ye! this rogue has a very suspicious look. Perhaps he is one of the banditti.

Rinaldo. Mountaineers have generally a wild look.

The clock now striking, the monk hastened to rejoin the choir. Rinaldo therefore paid his reckoning, and took his way towards the castle.

Adjoining this edifice was a high wall, surrounding a beautiful garden, where Rinaldo finding a wicket open, immediately entered. On approaching a small grove, he perceived a lady, who having footsteps behind her, quickly turned round; and perceiving Rinaldo, screamed aloud. The latter instantly recognized and approached her.

Rinaldo. Is it possible? Scarcely can I trust my eyes! Is this imagination or reality? Aurelia—the beautiful Aurelia here!

Aurelia. The same!

Rinaldo. Here?

Aurelia. In the castle of my husband.

Rinaldo. Your husband! And are you really married?

Aurelia. Yes, alas!

Rinaldo. How! Tears in the eyes of Aurelia!

Aurelia. Oh! those signs of that misfortune which pursues me throughout my life may convince you how wretched I am.

Rinaldo. Aurelia! and unhappily married!

Aurelia. Ah, heavens!

Rinaldo. Ah! when good old Donato—

Aurelia. O, that I had been left to live in solitude with him, or that I had remained in my

foster father's farm! how happy had I been! My good father, indeed, meant well, and wished to make me happy: but—I am most wretched.

Rinaldo. Perhaps the lovely Aurelia brought with her here the source of her misfortune?

Aurelia. How do you mean? My heart was free. Innocent and pure was I, when I came to my husband. My father gave me a very large fortune; and for that alone my husband married me. Ah, friend of the worthy Donato! tell this miserable old man how miserable I am.

Rinaldo. Will you grant me your confidence without reserve?

Aurelia. My father knows you also, and—

Rinaldo. What did your father say of me? Do you know who I am?

Aurelia. When he spoke of you to me, he called you a celebrated man, but did not tell me your name.

Rinaldo. I am the Count Dalbrogo; and you know, already, I am your father's friend. A short time ago, at Cesena, we exchanged rings as a sign of friendship. Did he tell you nothing of it?

Aurelia. It is long since I saw or spoke with him.

Rinaldo. Does he know you are unhappy?

Aurelia. If he has received my letters he must know it: but of that I am extremely doubtful, since I have never received an answer to any of them. Perhaps my husband, by means of his spies, intercepts even my letters.

Rinaldo. Well, me he can neither corrupt nor intercept. I will speak to your father, and will say to him whatever you desire me.

Aurelia. Will you, indeed?

Rinaldo. I will engage my word of honour. What complaints have you against your husband?

Aurelia. He is a tyrant to me, and treats me with contempt. He breaks his nuptial faith almost before my eyes with mercenary wretches whom he keeps here in his castle.

Rinaldo. The villain.

Aurelia. He plagues and torments me incessantly with reproaches.

Rinaldo. With what reproaches?

Aurelia. Ah, heaven! with my illegitimate birth, which——Ah! he knew that before he married me!

Rinaldo. Do you love him?

Aurelia. I loved him once: but now he has compelled me to hate him.

Rinaldo. You hate him?

Aurelia. I abhor him as I do my sins. It was but yesterday he exposed me to the ridicule of his companions; and his mercenary prostitutes make a jest of me. I am treated like a slave!

Rinaldo. You shall have satisfaction.

Aurelia. I am fully resolved, if my father does not soon interfere, to abandon this scene of vice and debauchery, and to fly.

Rinaldo. Whither will you fly?

Aurelia. To my mother.

Rinaldo. Where is she ?

Aurelia. She is abbess of the convent of St. Clara near Montamara.

Rinaldo. When first I beheld Aurelia in that happy valley, and when I afterwards conversed with her at the peaceful hermitage of Donato, I said to myself, How happy will be the man to whom Aurelia shall give her hand and heart !” And now this excellent girl is miserable !—No ; by heavens ! it shall not be. At least she shall be revenged. Such is the solemn oath of one who will keep his word—it is the oath of Dalbrago !

Aurelia. Ah, Count ! why will you bring yourself to destruction, perhaps, for my sake ?

Rinaldo. For your sake I would engage with monsters and with devils.

Aurelia. Count, you alarm me.

Rinaldo. How shall I know the wretch ? Is he in the castle ?

Aurelia. He is hunting with some of his companions.

Rinaldo. Who are they ?

Aurelia. Adventurers from all corners of the earth, whom he has collected round him, and who are dissipating my fortune in debauchery, gambling, drinking, and—ah, heavens they are very bad men—two Frenchmen and a Sicilian, who, perhaps, have escaped from the hands of justice ; they call themselves noble, but that I am sure is false. You can scarcely conceive with what indecency they treat me.

Rinaldo. By heavens, were I present, it should be the last ill action they should commit.

Aurelia. Ah, Count! would you, who are a stranger?—

Rinaldo. My oath shall be fulfilled, and I will revenge you. The riotous laughter of these villains shall be changed to mourning, and you shall have exemplary satisfaction, or my name—is not Dalbrogo. But, of whom is the portrait that hangs at your breast?

Aurelia. It is the portrait of my husband.

Rinaldo. Show it me. Is it like?

Aurelia. A strong likeness.

Rinaldo. Well—Now I shall know him. But away with this portrait from your bosom.

Aurelia. By no means;—he would beat me if I omitted to wear it.

Rinaldo. What!—Has he ever dared—

Aurelia. Ah, heavens! I now bear the marks of his cruelty on my body.

Rinaldo. Villain! Thou shalt soon bear the marks of my retribution, which——

Aurelia. Oh, heavens! there comes my husband with his companions up the walk!

Rinaldo. It is too late to fly; stay, and I will stay also; I am a friend of your father's, who has commissioned me to visit you in his name. In my presence he will not dare to insult you. With a single word I could smite him to the earth; and, before morning dawns, you shall be rescued.

The Baron and his companions now as

proached, and Rinaldo advancing a few steps towards him took off his hat, saying,

"I am glad, Baron, to make your acquaintance. The Prince, your father-in-law, desires me to salute you in his name, and to inform you that he will speedily pay you a visit. I am his friend, and Count Dalbrogo is my name."

"Your humble servant," replied the Baron with great coldness. Then turning to Aurelia, said, with a sarcastic smile, "Perhaps too an old acquaintance of yours, and you have not invited this agreeable visitor and messenger of good news from your father into the castle?"

"Pardon," continued he, "the inattention of my wife, but she has been brought up at a farm house. That, however, you probably know already."

Rinaldo. I do; she has been brought up with very good and worthy people.

Baron. So my father-in-law will soon pay us a visit?—Has he not fixed the day of his arrival?

Rinaldo. I believe you may expect him daily.

Baron. That is unfortunate, for I have fixed a journey for to-morrow, which I cannot possibly defer.

Rinaldo. He will expect your return. He said he had many things to speak of with you.

Baron. So—but unfortunately I may be obliged to be absent some months—perhaps you intend to await his arrival here?

Rinaldo. No—I have affairs of importance to settle at Rome, and would therefore expedite

my departure. Had you not returned as you did, I should have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing you. I was taking leave of your lady when I learnt your arrival.

Baron. But you will stay and take your dinner with us?

Rinaldo. I must beg to be excused.

Baron. I entreat you.

Rinaldo. It is impossible, my hours are all counted.

Baron. I regret that I had not the pleasure of your acquaintance earlier. I hope my wife has entertained you well; but I fear she has had one of those fits of ill humour that so frequently attack her.

Rinaldo. In fact—but excuse me—From the state in which I found your wife, I should rather attribute more to grief than ill humour. Meanwhile I would not be indiscreet, and—

Baron. Yes, yes, she has the art of covering her ill humour with the veil of grief, and calls her obstinacy and caprice lowness of spirits.

Rinaldo. Yet she formerly appeared so gay and happy that—

Baron. Perhaps she is not married to your liking. Sir Count, you are vexed she has fallen to my lot.

Rinaldo. Sir Baron, you joke.

Baron. Far from it; the simpleton, perhaps, would have been better pleased, had she been removed from the shepherd's field to your pasture: she would then have remained as she was before.

Rinaldo. Yes, equally good, noble and lovely.

Baron. Aye, in the eyes of a lover.

Rinaldo. Baron, I remark with astonishment and grief that your marriage is not happy.

Baron. That you have, no doubt, learnt from this paragon of sensibility; she bewails every creature in the village.

Rinaldo. By heavens! it grieves me that your father-in-law must find things as they are.

Baron. He may take her back if he pleases, or restore her to her very honourable mother.

Rinaldo. Baron, this bitterness shows—

Baron. That I would be rid of the fool, nothing farther. Will you please to take her with you?

Rinaldo. No insults, Baron, I will not bear them.

Baron. This warmth in the cause of my wife proves—

Rinaldo. That which it shall prove: nothing more and nothing less. I am her father's friend, who will certainly not permit—

Baron. He may receive his jewel back. I want her no more.

Rinaldo. Nor do you deserve to possess her.

Baron. Thunder and lightning! Sir Count—

Rinaldo. What do you mean.

Baron. Away with you, sir, and take this strumpet with you, that she may no longer offend my eyes.

Rinaldo. Your brutality—

Baron. Here I am master.

Rinaldo. Then be so of yourself. For all

you have said and done you shall give me full satisfaction.

Baron. In Rome.

Rinaldo. Here in your castle.

Baron. Whenever you please.

Rinaldo. This very day.

Baron. This very moment. I will settle your account for you.

Rinaldo. I will settle yours for you, you wretch!

Baron. Such language shall be answered by my servants with horse-whips.

Rinaldo. (*Putting his hand to his sword.*) Draw!

Baron. How!

Rinaldo. Draw, or I will cut you down.

Aurelia. For God's sake, Count, be calm, you do not know these men.

Baron (*Giving her a box on the ear.*) Silence! now complain of that to your lover.

Rinaldo. By heavens, Baron, that shall be repaid with blood.

Baron. Leave my castle; or as this is my right hand, I will order my people to turn you out.

Rinaldo. Cowardly villain! that you yourself dare not do: Aurelia, you shall certainly be rescued: As for you, villain! who call yourself her husband, I shall this very day speak to you in a way that you shall feel severely.

The Baron and his companions laughed aloud, and as Rinaldo quitted the garden, cried out after him.

"A pleasant journey to you, Don Quixotte, you may now go and tell your adventures to your mamma."

The temper in which Rinaldo rejoined his companions may easily be imagined. He was scarcely able to contain himself. His appearance made Rosalia tremble; for she had never beheld him so before.

"Captain," said Cinthio, "what has happened?"

"That you shall learn," replied he; "call Altaverde to me."

With him and Cinthio, Rinaldo now communed; and when evening approached, Altaverde, at the head of twenty men, descended into the valley. Cinthio went towards the left with sixteen, and ten accompanied Rinaldo. Rosalia remained in the tent, which was safely guarded by Nicolo.

These corps were in motion about the time it grew dark; but they had scarcely left their former post, when Sebastiano followed them with five and twenty men, and stationed himself near the Benedictine Monastery above mentioned. Cinthio crossed the river, took possession of the bridge, and posted himself by the garden wall of Baron Rovezzo. Altaverde occupied the high road, and that leading to the village, and placed his men round the castle as far as the post of Cinthio; and Rinaldo with his party went up to the castle gate, which was shut. On sounding the horn a servant unbolted it, and inquired who was there? but he was

seized by the throat, dragged out, and delivered to Altaverde's party; three men took possession of the gate, and the rest followed Rinaldo across the court yard, and made themselves masters of the house door. Two others entered the servants' hall with cocked pistols, and commanded silence, which the servants, who were terrified and trembling with fear, obeyed.

Rinaldo cut the string of the alarm bell with his stiletto, and with three men went up stairs to an apartment where the Baron was sitting at a table with his companions and mistresses.

The door being half open, Rinaldo listened, and heard that he himself, under the name of Count Dalbroggo, was the subject of their railery. They called him a blustering coward; and Aurelia, who was obliged to sit at table, was forced to hear the disgusting language of her husband in silence, to avoid his ill-treatment.

The Baron's mistresses rallied her relative to her former lover; and her husband said aloud,

"Suppose I had not let the rascal go?"

"We would have cut off his nose," said one of the Frenchmen.

"If he does but return—" said the Baron.

"Here he is!" said Rinaldo, and immediately entered the room.

Meanwhile Altaverde's people had taken possession of the castle gate, and Sebastiano had approached nearer. Three more of Rinaldo's men now joined the other three who

stood at the door of the apartment, and six of Altaverde's followed them.

These twelve men waited for a signal from Rinaldo, who had alone entered in the apartment, where his sudden appearance not a little surprized the company.

"I am come," continued he, "to keep my promise. You now perceive that I am punctual. Here I stand, and demand satisfaction of you. From the Baron to the man who proposed to cut off my nose, I will call every one of you to account."

The Baron now began to laugh aloud, and called to one of his servants,

"Let my people come and give this Quixotte the account he asks for!"

The servant scarce began to move, when Rinaldo seized and threw him down. Then taking his pistol, he pointed it to the table, and said,

"The first who dares to stir from his seat is a dead man! Miserable, worthless miscreants! you that threaten me so freely, tremble and kneel down before me! Know you who I am? Down upon your knees! I am Rinaldini!"

Upon this they all knelt down as if thunder-struck. Aurelia screamed aloud, and sank in a swoon. Rinaldo obliged the women to assist her and having given the signal agreed on, his twelve followers entered the room.

The whole company were still upon their knees when Rinaldo approached Aurelia, who

was beginning to recover. He threw himself upon his knees, and kissed her hand.

"Is it you, rash man," said she, in a broken voice, "that has rescued me? Oh, be as generous as you are courageous! Be as kind as you are terrible! Deal with me honourably, and conduct me to my mother! Abuse not your power, nor make my yet unspotted name the jest of mankind!"

"Oh," said Rinaldini, sighing, "now I feel what I am!"

Then suddenly turning round, he beheld Sebastiano entering the room with some of his party, and said,

"As yet this rat-catching expedition has cost no blood, and it shall end in the same manner. Flog this villain, who is the husband of this unfortunate lady, till not one white spot is left. Drive these Frenchmen and Sicilians two or three times up and down with rods. The girls I give you as prizes. But this worthy French counsellor, who advised cutting off my nose, shall be served in like manner himself."

The Frenchman dreadfully lamented his hard case, but Rinaldini was deaf to his entreaties. He persisted in his orders, and his comrades took the delinquents from the apartment.

Rinaldo again approached Aurelia, desired her to collect together her apparel and jewels, and ordered a carriage to be prepared; in which he placed her, together with her waiting woman. Then mounting his horse, he called out to his companions,

"Plunder the castle, but do not burn it!"

Rinaldo followed the carriage, which he ordered to stop about a mile from St. Clair's convent at Montamara. Then riding up to the coach door, asked for Aurelia's hand, upon a finger of which he put a ring; and kissing her hand, said, with emotion,

"Aurelia, may you be happier than I!"

Having thus spoken, he clapped spurs to his horse, and arrived, at break of day, at his tent; where he was soon joined by his people, who returned loaded with booty.

Rinaldo was sitting before his tent, and reflecting on the consequence that might ensue from this enterprise, when Rosalia approached him, seated herself near him, and taking her guitar, though unrequested, sang the following air:

Hear me, lov'd Almanzor, hear,
Grant thy Laura's fond request;
Still to thee is Laura dear?
Reigns her image in thy breast?

Wilt thou Laura fondly love?
When her infant climbs thy knee,
Wilt thou to that infant prove
Source of endless infamy?

Sooner would thy Laura fly
Where thou ne'er shalt know thy child;
Rather, ah! far rather die
Graveless in some desert wild,
Than to thee an offspring bear,
Stamp'd as shame's dishonour'd heir.

"Ah, Rosalia!" interrupted Rinaldo, I guess
—yes, I know who this Laura is! Almanzor
will never desert her."

Rosalia embraced him tenderly, and thus continued:

"What peace can a mother enjoy, when contemplating the image of her beloved upon her lap! when our offspring will be but a source of misery to us if we do not leave this course of life. But, by heavens! it shall and must be; nor will I bring up my son to the gallows."

The appearance of Sebastiano interrupted this conversation. He brought intelligence that two of their people were taken up at St. Leo, and thrown into prison; and that a third had escaped. He also brought news, that from information of the Baron, proclamation had been made against him.

Towards evening Rinaldo ordered his tent to be struck; and giving the signal for departure, stationed himself, after a journey of three days, in the valley of the Albano mountains.

Two days after his arrival he gave orders to Sebastiano to go with sixteen resolute fellows, in various disguises, to Cagli, in the neighbourhood of Montamara. Altaverde also received a commission to endeavor to liberate the two prisoners by address or by force; and Rinaldo himself as a traveller on horseback, attended by Nicolo and Alphonso as his servants, rode about the country upon the scout. Cinthio remained as captain of the band; and Rinaldo commended to his care Rosalia, who took leave of him with tears.

"I feel," said she with emotion, "as though we should never meet again!"

Rinaldo endeavoured to console her without success, and left her extremely agitated.

He soon reached Fossombrona; where, having put up at the principal inn, he rested a couple of days, desirous of giving Sebastiano's party time to collect in the neighborhood of Montamara.

The day after his arrival he visited a tavern, where he found several of the inhabitants; among whom were two advocates and some notaries, engaged in apparently interesting conversation over a bottle. Rinaldo called also for wine; and seating himself near them listened to their discourse.

A Townsman. 'Tis a very bad business.

Advocate. Ah, very bad indeed!

Notary. A very shocking affair!

Advocate. The Baroness has twice been heard. She persists that she previously knew the person of the aforesaid Count Dalbrago, but took him for a man of good character, and neither knew, nor in the least suspected, that he was the celebrated Rinaldini: and that she first learnt this with terror and affright when he avowed himself on the night of these events. On the other hand, the Baron, who was dreadfully maltreated, maintains that his wife has lived in an understanding with this terrible robber; and that her father is one of his acquaintance, who has long, contrary to law, been in treaty to make discovery to the magistracy,

to which he is bound. The prince is in custody at Urbino, and will be closely examined.

Townsmen. One hardly knows as yet what to think of it.

Notary. The Baron estimates his loss at the castle at three thousand ducats. He and his friends were maltreated, and one of the Frenchmen was mutilated by the robbers. It is true he still lives, but he is very ill and miserable.

Townsmen. These robbers are very devils.

Notary. I pity the poor prince. He is a brave man—but, in confidence, gentlemen, who among us would dare to seize Rinaldini were he even now present among us.

Townsmen. Not I, for one.

Advocate. Yes, yes, a man ought to proceed cautiously, and first make sure of having assistance.

Townsmen. Suppose he got loose and I were to lose my life, who would compensate me for my zeal? He certainly would not sell his life cheaply.

Notary. I should like to have seen him once.

Rinaldo. Pardon me, gentlemen, but I have seen him.

Notary. How?

Townsmen. What?

Advocate. And have you really—?

Rinaldo. I am the Marquis Soligno. My estates lie in Savoy, and I am on a journey. Six days ago I fell into the hands of his people, and

embarrassment I have brought you, and am come to offer you my services.

Prince. What would you do?

Rinaldo. With you! Nothing.

Prince. I am lost if it be discovered.

Rinaldo. Fear not; only say how I can serve you.

Prince. Man! What have you done?

Rinaldo. If I can serve Aurelia and you with my life, I will.

Prince. Your death cannot extricate us from this embarrassment. We are accused of an understanding with you. My child's honour is lost, and the public opinion is against me. Will you do me one favour and then leave me, and quit the town?

Rinaldo. If you would justify yourself from the suspicion of an understanding with me, deliver me up to justice. I will stay here.

Prince. What advantage would thence arise to me? Treachery is unworthy a true knight of Malta.

Rinaldo. Then I will myself surrender to the magistrates.

Prince. Can that better my condition?

Rinaldo. What shall I do?

Prince. I know not.

Rinaldo. I must and will assist you on this occasion.

Prince. My uncle the cardinal has taken the business in hand, and I hope the charge against me will soon be at an end.

Rinaldo. So much the better for your prosecutors.

Prince. Rinaldini, would you stop the course of justice?

Rinaldo. Not of justice, but of injustice. Prince, if I cannot serve *you*, let me at least do something for Aurelia—here are bills for ten thousand sequins, which I give as her portion in her new marriage.

Prince. A new marriage!

Rinaldo. The Baron must by this time be in the hands of my party. If he is taken alive he will be shot, and Aurelia again be free.

Prince. Free or not free, she will remain forever in the convent. Give your money to the poor, we are none of us in need of it.

Rinaldo. Adieu.

Prince. Oh stay.

Rinaldo. What would you?

Prince. To what end will you come?

Rinaldo. God knows; but I hope a good one.

Prince. That you can scarcely expect?

Rinaldo. As God pleases; good night.

Prince. Have you really loved Aurelia?

Rinaldo. I love her still.

Prince. She can never be yours; return to your proper station—forsake the course of life you now pursue—and apply your money to good works:—in that dangerous course which you now—

Rinaldo. Prince you know I am not easily frightened; yet my situation is wretched;

though justice has no torture for me, I have much within my own bosom. Farewell.

Rinaldo now left the town and returned to the neighbourhood of Montamara, where his companions were.

On the following day he received by the hands of Nero, whom Sebastiano sent to him, the following written intelligence :

“ The cursed Baron is gone to Rome, and the nest is empty. Our good Altaverde, with three of his companions, has been trapped at St. Leo and thrown into prison with our other unfortunate friends. Cinthio must have had an engagement with the Tuscan troops. We are moving towards him. Come to us soon.”

Rinaldo despatched Alphonso to Cinthio with instructions to liberate Altaverde, even though force were necessary. He also wrote to Rosalia to join Donato at his hermitage. He then gave orders to Nicolo and Nero to go to Rome to watch the motions of the Baron, and continued a couple of days deliberating what he should do himself.

BOOK III.

Rinaldo at length arrived in a pilgrim's dress at the convent of Montamara, where Aurelia was, and desired to speak to the Abbess.

"She is engaged," said the portress, "in an audience before some commissaries, who are come from Urbino."

"Has any accident then happened to the good mother," said Rinaldo with a pious sigh.

"She is innocently implicated in a bad affair with that notorious robber Rinaldini. Besides, orders are given that till her examination is over, no stranger be admitted;" thus, saying, the portress, with a pious courtsey, shut the door.

Rinaldo now walked round the convent, and found the walls very high and strong. At length he laid himself down near a chapel dedicated to Saint Clair, which stood between three high poplars; and reflecting on his situation, deliberated what he should do, till at length he fell asleep.

When he awoke he saw another pilgrim sitting opposite to him, and apparently engaged in deep thought.

On Rinaldo giving signs of having awoke, the other pilgrim turned round and said:

"And can you sleep here thus peaceful and unconcerned?" At this Rinaldo was alarmed; but endeavoring to recover himself, asked, "Is this then so dangerous a place?"

"Do you imagine it otherwise?"

"What can a poor pilgrim fear?"

"A poor pilgrim has nothing to fear, nor indeed he who covers his misdeeds with a pilgrim's dress."

Upon this Rinaldo sprang up, fixed his eyes on the other pilgrim, and cried out, "Cinthio!"

Cinthio. Ha! do you know me at last.

Rinaldo. How came you here?

Cinthio. Not of my own free will.

Rinaldo. What has happened?

Cinthio. We are entirely cut to pieces.

Rinaldo. Is it possible?

Cinthio. It is a fact. Surrounded on three sides we fought like desperadoes, and cut down many a brave fellow, but were so hemmed in, that scarcely half a dozen of us escaped.

Rinaldo. For heaven's sake where is Rosalia?

Cinthio. I know not.

Rinaldo. Is Altaverde rescued?

Cinthio. I know not where he is.

Rinaldo. Did you not receive my letter by Alphonso?

Cinthio. I have not seen him.

Rinaldo. I sent him to you three days ago?

Cinthio. At that time we were already dispersed.

Rinaldo. Altaverde with several of our friends are in prison at St. Leo.

Cinthio. Then he must seriously think of his last hour, for we cannot save him.

Rinaldo. Cinthio, what is to be done?

Cinthio. Fly as far as possible. Are more of our party near?

Rinaldo. Nero and Nicolo are gone to Rome.

Cinthio. Have they any fixed place appointed for them?

Rinaldo. Yes.

Cinthio. Are you going to Rome yourself?

Rinaldo. Perhaps I am.

Cinthio. Then tell me where I can find you.
We will go to Calabria.

Rinaldo. What would you do there?

Cinthio. I will collect a new company. Here there is nothing more for us to do; and in the woods and mountains of Calabria we shall be safer.

Rinaldo. And if you are again driven from thence?

Cinthio. Then we will go to Sicily.

Rinaldo. Oh Cinthio! were it not better to forsake this course of life?

Cinthio. Not till it pleases Fortune to put an end to it.—You yourself will only continue till the police catches you, and then adieu to Rinaldini's head; Cinthio will stand in your shoes, keep whole countries in alarm, and throw their police into confusion.

Rinaldo. A most enviable lot.

Cinthio. Do you know a better? To us an impassable bar shuts up every other course. That we are now pursuing—

Rinaldo. Is the worst of all.

Cinthio. Then we ought not to have entered upon it.

Rinaldo. Ah, Rosalia!

Cinthio. Your amours have done us no good. They have already brought us into many difficulties, and will at length cost you your head. If any one saw you wandering about among

"I feel," said she with emotion, "as though we should never meet again!"

Rinaldo endeavoured to console her without success, and left her extremely agitated.

He soon reached Fossombrona; where, having put up at the principal inn, he rested a couple of days, desirous of giving Sebastiano's party time to collect in the neighborhood of Montamara.

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Notary. I should like to have seen him once.

Rinaldo. Pardon me, gentlemen, but I have seen him.

Notary. How?

Townsman. What?

Advocate. And have you really—?

Rinaldo. I am the Marquis Soligno. My estates lie in Savoy, and I am on a journey. Six days ago I fell into the hands of his people, and

mine were overpowered. I was expecting every moment to be plundered, when Rinaldini himself appeared.

Townsmen. And what sort of a man is he?

Rinaldo. A little fat dark complexioned man, with blue eyes, brown hair, Roman nose, and whiskers.

Advocate. Well, I know not what to think of it.

Rinaldo. How so?

Advocate. I have been told by others that he is tall and thin, with a smooth chin, black eyes and hair, and a Grecian nose. However, I must confess that a Roman nose is better suited to his way of life than a Grecian.

Rinaldo. I have myself seen and spoken to him, and he is exactly the man I describe. He searched me very narrowly, and I was obliged to give him all my ready money and every thing I had of value. He demanded a hundred sequins, which I gave him, and in return I had this letter of protection. See, gentlemen, here it is.

Advocate. (reading,) Ah, the rascal!

Viaggio Seguro.*

Signed, "Rinaldini."

A man of few words! he is as saving of them as a minister of state.

Rinaldo. I thank God that I came off so well.

Townsmen. That you may, indeed, Marquis.

* In lieu of Seguro, for so Rinaldo wrote, (though not pure Italian.) I have seen some of these letters.

Rinaldo. But it is unpardonable that the magistracy do not exert themselves more.

Advocate. Only have patience—I have it from good authority that five hundred Tuscans and eight hundred men of the ecclesiastic troops are going out against him. They are to surround, and will certainly take him.

Townsmen. How strong may his band be ?

Rinaldo. No one can tell. Some talk of two hundred men; others say he is much stronger;—they are all desperate fellows. Thank heaven I have got out of their clutches.

Towards evening Rinaldo quitted the place, and sent out Sebastiano and his people with orders to take Baron Rovezzo alive or dead, and if alive, to deliver him to Cinthio. His people he left in the neighbourhood of Montamara, and went himself, in the dress of a pilgrim to Urbino.

Here he learnt that Prince Rocella was indeed at large, but had been obliged to give securities to a large amount, and was soon to be examined. He inquired his address, and had the boldness one night to enter his chamber.

Prince. Who are you ?

Rinaldo. A pilgrim.

Prince. So I perceive, but what would you with me ?

Rinaldo. I am sent to you on a message from Rinaldo.

Prince. Heavens! What do I hear? You are himself: now I know you.

Rinaldo. Yes, I am he. I know into what

handsome. This Rinaldo chose, and then they sat down again to table and emptied another bottle of wine.

When the day began to dawn, Rinaldo, having taken a light breakfast, dressed himself in his uniform.

Rachel. Truly now we can easily perceive you are a Cavalier.

Silpa. It fits you exactly.

Rachel. Indeed you look much better than you did yesterday.

Silpa. Quite grand.

Rachel. And by heavens you have a couple of very pretty watches.

Silpa. And very handsome rings.

Rachel. You must be a very rich man.

Silpa. Who gave you these treasures?

Rinaldo. These peasant's clothes I give to you. Here is a bill of one hundred sequins payable at Ancona for my night's lodging; and for your entertainment and the uniform take these five-and-twenty sequins in ready money: are you satisfied?

Rachel. Oh, you are too generous; we shall not spend so much in a twelve-month.

Rinaldo. Adieu, my good girls! think of me when I am gone.

Rachel. That we will.

Silpa. We shall never forget your kindness.

Rinaldo. Heaven protect you!

Upon this he left his quarters, and shunning Ancona, went to Poggia, where he bought a horse and immediately hastened to the frontier.

of the ecclesiastical states. Teramo, a place in the dominion of the king of Naples, was the first where he stopped and took up his abode.

Having provided himself with clothes at Aquila, he there hired a brisk lad named Antonio : and pursuing his travels as Count Mandochini, arrived at Naples.

In this magnificent city he took handsome apartments, where he was lodged with worthy people, and had a prospect of the harbour.

Here he lived very quietly, read a great deal, thought more, wrote verses, composed songs, and sang them to the guitar.

After a time, however, he began to be surprised at this uniform mode of life, which induced him to spend more of his time abroad, and to visit taverns and coffee-houses, where he heard the talk of the day. Sometimes he himself was the subject of conversation, and upon these occasions he joined in it with perfect confidence. Once a stranger brought news that Rinaldini was taken up at Ferrara and thrown into prison. Thus he heard them talk of him with more pleasure, and felt more secure in his present abode.

Among the various persons he daily saw at public places, he one day observed a man who wore a Corsican uniform and was called Captain. This man often sat a whole morning taking a dish of chocolate without speaking a word, except thanking those who saluted him, but never took the smallest part in any conversation except by a nod : and whoever he met,

always looked straight forward, being apparently lost in the profoundest reflection. He was remarked by every one, but seemed to observe no one.

Rinaldo one day approached him with as much caution as possible, but could not succeed in inducing him to speak. One day, however, he sat closer to him than usual.

"Sir," said he, "excuse me making one remark."

Captain. Upon me?

Rinaldo. Upon you: every one observes you:

Captain. That is possible.

Rinaldo. Perhaps you wish it?

Captain. It never occurred to my thoughts.

Rinaldo. Perhaps some secret cause of affliction preys upon your mind?

Captain. If so I know nothing of it.

Rinaldo. Or, perhaps, some embarrassment makes you silent?

Captain. I am not embarrassed.

Rinaldo. Cares, perhaps, oppress you?

Captain. I have no cares.

Rinaldo. You go into company and—

Captain. I am always alone, even in the largest company.

Rinaldo. That is very bad.

Captain. What can be better?

Rinaldo. Communication renders men happy.

Captain. Not always.

Rinaldo. Conversation secures us against ennui.

Captain. With that I am unacquainted.

Rinaldo. Then you are very enviable, and must be a great philosopher.

Captain. Any one that will, may be a philosopher; and happy he, who is!

Rinaldo. Your last assertion I believe, but not the first.

Captain. That depends on you. In matters of belief men are not so very accurate, and the more they deceive themselves the happier they are.

Rinaldo. Self-deception is a dream.

Captain. It is well for those who dream happily.

Rinaldo. And when they awake—?

Captain. They wish even for their dream's sake to dream again.

Rinaldo. And thus the disappointment of their wish renders them unhappy.

Captain. It depends on every man to be happy or otherwise. Every man is happy who seriously resolves to be so.

Rinaldo. Are you so?

Captain. I am.

Rinaldo. Then you are a most enviable mortal.

Captain. So I think.

Rinaldo. But as every man has his own ideas of happiness, so—

Captain. So you wish to know what are mine!—they are somewhat out of the circle of this world.

Rinaldo. I understand you not.

Captain. I am convinced of it—in general men understand one another very ill, and these misunderstandings help to make out conversation in society, which would otherwise be as uniform and tedious as a choir of Carthusian monks. The best communication is between souls and spirits.

Rinaldo. Are you acquainted then with the world of spirits?

Captain. Yes.

Rinaldo. How?

Captain. As well as I know you.

Rinaldo. Know me? I do not even know myself.

Captain. Oh, yes, in one respect, at least, certainly.

Rinaldo. Do you know then who I am?

Captain. Yes, I say I do know you.

Rinaldo. Yet I never saw you till I came to Naples.

Captain. I know it, I also first saw you here; nevertheless I know you.

Rinaldo. Then you are a sorcerer, who told you who I am?

Captain. My wisdom.

Rinaldo. Then you can see what is secret.

Captain. And why not?

Rinaldo. You converse then with spirits?

Captain. I am now conversing with a man who, I hope, has reformed himself.

As he said this he arose, paid his small account, and went; but Rinaldo had not the courage to follow him.

It may easily be imagined Rinaldo was not a little embarrassed, and though he had so long wished to become acquainted with this singular character, he now regretted he had ever spoken to him. Thus do men continually pant for the accomplishment of objects which often make more painful discoveries than they conceived were possible.

This man, said Rinaldo to himself, knows who I am: the discovery of my name is in the power of this singular being. Who can this strange mortal be, who does not consider human society as having any thing in common with him? Ah, he shall come to an explanation with me, or I will annihilate this enemy to my repose.

Rinaldo frequented the Corso and other public places for several days in search of this dreadful sage, and often returned to the coffee-house where he had daily seen him, but without success, which gave him no small uneasiness.

He was already deliberating whether he should quit Naples, when one morning he met with his redoubted Corsican at the Promenade on the harbour. He was sitting on a seat placed before a statue, against the pedestal of which he leaned, with his eyes turned towards heaven, and his hands lying folded together as though he was pouring forth his whole soul in a prayer to the Almighty.

Rinaldo placed himself opposite to him, but ventured not to disturb the celestial ecstasy. After a while he began from time to time to

cough, and at last to hum the air of a melody then much admired. The captain, however, did not stir, but appeared wholly lost in a divine reverie.

At length, tired of waiting, Rinaldo, with trembling steps, walked up to him, placed himself at his side, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said with a half sigh of suppressed emotion:

“Captain, I rejoice to see you again.”

The captain cast his eyes downwards, turned his head, beheld the person who saluted him, and asked:

“What do you see above you?”

Rinaldo. A pure blue ether.

Captain. The picture of an unspotted soul. The emblem of a pure spirit. This ætherial essence pours through the eyes into the heart. This is the centre of every true enjoyment that exists within us, or without us. There we make them our own; it is a present to us from heaven.—What are the gaudiest flowers to this azure sea of brilliant purity? He that casts his anchor there is moored in the safest of harbours.

Rinaldo. Your reflections are both grand and beautiful, and I ought to reproach myself for having interrupted you in such elevated thoughts. But pardon the impatience I felt to speak with you.

Captain. Your confusion is greater than your impatience, confess only that you fear me. You *have nothing* to fear, I am no inquisitor, no cus-

tom-house inspector, nor criminal judge, yet those are the people you have to fear.

Rinaldo. Have you not mistaken me for some other person ?

Captain. No.

Rinaldo. Then tell me my name.

Captain. It costs money.

Rinaldo. Where ?

Captain. To every police. It might be sold like a jewel were a man in want.

Rinaldo. Captain, language there is which becomes an insult when meant seriously.

Captain. I know it.

Rinaldo. In one word then, who am I ?

Captain. In one word, you are Rinaldini.

Rinaldo. Who told you so ?

Captain. I know it.

Rinaldo. Are you certain ?

Captain. As certain as of my own existence.

Rinaldo. Adieu !

Captain. Where are you going ?

Rinaldo. To the harbour, to see if any ship is ready to sail and will take me on board.

Captain. Why would you leave Naples and fly from the tranquillity that here surrounds you ?

Rinaldo. Because I fear you.

Captain. When a man like you fears there must be some cause for fear. Your fate interests me, and I will give you a proof of it, which will make you perfectly secure. But let me not find you again in your old career, or your friend will be changed to an enemy.

The sound of trumpets now sounded the approach of the troops who were on guard at the castle and in the port, which broke off their conversation. The whole company of officers appeared and gathered round Rinaldo and the Captain having met them in public company before ; the officers saluted them and entered into conversation, in which Rinaldo joined with a beating heart. They asked the Captain various questions, and at length an inquisitive young lieutenant said to him,

“Do you know, Captain, that in all companies every one is puzzling his wits about you ; you are the chief talk of the day.”

“Oh,” replied the Captain, “I will tell you a much more important piece of intelligence. You are puzzling yourselves in vain about me. Do you know that the famous Rinaldini is among you here in Naples.”

Rinaldo was thunderstruck ; the officers looked at each other with astonishment, and a general silence prevailed throughout the company.

The Captain took out his snuff box, offered every one a pinch, and turning round as he put it in his pocket, walked towards the port ; no one, however, detained him, but they all kept their eyes upon him, and asked one another, “Who can this man be ?

Rinaldo now recovered breath, and as soon as the Captain was out of sight, said :

“What do you think of it, gentlemen ? Has

not this singular man, whom no one knows, clearly given us to understand who he is?"

"By Heaven!" they all exclaimed, "He himself is Rinaldini."

"That too is my opinion," replied Rinaldini, with perfect indifference.

"He is gone," said one, and another proposed to pursue him; but an old Colonel addressed them thus:

"We are no sbirri.* It is the business of the magistrates to secure the person of Rinaldini; and even if this unknown stranger is really he, he must know how far he can venture to discover himself without sacrificing his security! meanwhile we will keep a watchful eye upon him. Yet I must frankly confess, that his conduct, as far as I have hitherto observed, appears to me not altogether to agree with that of a man in his perfect senses; and perhaps it is an effect of his madness, to imagine himself to be the dreaded robber: are there not similar instances of disturbed imagination? We must also be cautious, and I recommend to you, gentlemen, to keep silence on this affair. We will first observe this stranger more narrowly, and then determine how we will act towards him."

This speech met with general approbation, and the company adjourned to a coffee-house to take ices.

Rinaldo was now in a state of great uneasiness, and knew not what to do, nor could

* Police Officers.

he form any opinion as to this man, who seemed so ready to sacrifice him, whose conduct was so unaccountable, and whose warning still echoed in his ears.

He sought for him, however, every where in vain, for he had totally vanished from Naples. His discovery now was the general topic of conversation, and came to be more particularly investigated. The officers gave a deposition of what they had seen and heard, and the police sent out runners in search of him. Yet all these exertions were in vain. The report was now converted into a certainty, that this singular man was Rinaldini; every one told anecdotes of him, or rejoiced that he had seen him; while the true Rinaldini escaped all suspicion.—Such is indeed the common course of human affairs. We talk of that as at a distance which is close to us, run after phantoms, and neglect what really exists.

At length the public attention was directed to other objects, which put an end to the reports of the appearance of Rinaldini, who was now thought of no more.

One evening, about a month after this incident, as Rinaldo was sitting in his chamber, playing on his guitar, and composing a new song, the door opened and a beautiful girl entered, saying:

“Do I find Count Mandochini here?”

Rinaldo. I am he.

Girl. I have a letter to deliver to you; it comes from the hands of a beautiful woman.

Rinaldo. Most surely ; for I receive it from yours.

It was as follows :

“ As little as you seem to have observed one in whom you have excited a lively interest, so much has she observed you. If you are not indifferent to seeing her, inform the bearer of these lines where you can meet her.”

Rinaldo. Do you know the lady ?

Girl. I am in her service.

Rinaldo. Who is she ?

Girl. A lady of quality.

Rinaldo. Are you very serious ?

Girl. Most certainly ; her name cannot interest you until she interests you herself. She will then tell it you, and it will sound more pleasing in your ear than if I were to name her.

Rinaldo. And yet you have a very pleasing voice.

Girl. My parents have brought me up to be a singer.

Rinaldo. Aha ! but your mistress, am I to call her mistress or miss ?

Girl. As you please. I am not to tell you whether she is married or unmarried.

Rinaldo. She is pretty you say ?

Girl. It depends on your taste whether you think her pretty or not.

Rinaldo. She is a woman of quality ?

Girl. If you married her you would not degrade yourself.

Rinaldo. Is she rich ?

Girl. You are doubtless rich yourself, since you make that inquiry. But why all these ceremonies. Will you see her or not?

Rinaldo. Where can I see her?

Girl. To-morrow morning at mass, at San Lorenzo.—She will be dressed in a green gown and black veil, with a gold chain round her waist, and a nosegay of orange flowers at her bosom. Will you come?

Rinaldo. I will.

The girl now departed; but Rinaldo was not long left to his reflections before the door again opened, and a man wrapped up in a red cloak entered.

"Rinaldo," said he, "the message you have received is of no avail. You must not go to-morrow to San Lorenzo to meet the lady who is so desirous of seeing you."

"Let me know," said Rinaldo, "who you are, if you mean I should follow your advice."

Upon this the stranger took off a mask, and opening his cloak, Rinaldo recognized the Corsican Captain. He started back with surprise, and was about to speak, when the captain thus addressed him.

"May you not safely follow the advice of a man who has sacrificed himself for you, and procured you the security and repose you enjoy at Naples?"

Having thus spoken he left the room.

Rinaldo lay awake half the night, and awoke earlier than usual, but did not keep his appointment at San Lorenzo.

At the approach of evening the girl returned and said,

"You have broken your word. Why did you not come?"

Rinaldo. I am mistrustful.

Girl. Your mistrust is very ill-placed.

Rinaldo. I will not come till I know the name of the lady I am to meet.

Girl. Do not give yourself cause to regret that which others would so eagerly pant for. You have only to see her. If she pleases you, she will herself tell you her name. To-morrow she will herself be at mass. Good night.

Soon after the girl was gone, the Captain again appeared.

"You must not go to San Lorenzo," said he.

Rinaldo. My worthy friend, I am not a child to follow you blindfold. If you would influence my conduct you must assign reasons.

Captain. For that I cannot blame you, but you must rely upon my word, and not form with a stranger an acquaintance which will be of no avail.

Rinaldo. As yet you are yourself unknown to me.

Captain. But you shall know me.

Rinaldo. Where?

Captain. At Portici. But to San Lorenzo you must not go.

Thus saying the Captain departed. Rinaldo remained in profound reflection. When morning came he was still unresolved. At length,

though sometimes inclined to keep his appointment, he determined to break it.

In the evening the beautiful messenger again returned, and silently courtesying, delivered him a letter to the following effect :

“For the last time I ask a favour of you which you cannot refuse me, if you are a Cavalier and possess the least principle of politeness.

“AURELIA.”

When Rinaldo observed this signature, he gave the girl three sequins, and half beside himself exclaimed :

“Tell the lady that I will come as surely as I exist. No envious fury shall prevent my keeping this appointment, even should I—”

“Enough,” cried the Captain, “none of these oaths, which you will never perform !”

“I will perform them.”

“Be tranquil.”

“No power in the world—”

“The police are not without runners.”

Rinaldo was now alarmed, and looked for the girl, but perceived she had quitted the room. He then threw himself into a chair.

Captain. You are always proud and intractable, but remember that you no longer command, and must therefore obey.

Rinaldo. Who gave you power to command me ?

Captain. Who obliges me to save you at my own peril ?

Rinaldo. That obligation is imposed on you *by yourself.*

Captain. Ungrateful man ! will you quarrel with your friend, for so precarious a possession as a woman, and offend him to embrace a shadow ? Besides, what can you expect from her ? be it ever so exquisite 'tis but love. In us women but love themselves ; we are their looking-glass, in which they admire their own reflection.

Rinaldo. You are a woman-hater.

Captain. But I am your friend.

Rinaldo. Then you would not keep me from speaking to them.

Captain. You are your own master ; but I absolutely forbid it.

Rinaldo. If you wish for my compliance, assign some reason.

Captain. I am no prophet ; but the consequences will justify me. I see farther than you. My power—

Rinaldo. Your power !—Give me a proof of it.

Captain. That you shall have—rise and follow me to Portici.

Rinaldo. Give me the proof here.

Captain. Art thou, the once courageous hero of the night, become a timid boy ? Go break your sabre and take a wooden sword. I see through you. Now I permit you to see this woman. Learn to know her and then also to know me. Adieu.

Rinaldo passed a very uneasy night, and hastened in the morning, at the appointed hour, to San Lorenzo ; but did not meet Aurelia. At

length, however, he perceived her messenger, who giving him a wink, he followed her, and having quitted the church, she said, "My mistress desired me to make her excuses. It was impossible for her to keep her appointment to-day; but she requests you will follow me. I will conduct you to her."

Rinaldo, without further reflection, followed her out of town, to a charming spot, where an elegant house stood in the middle of a garden. On entering she conducted him through a beautiful hall, on the ground floor, to a chamber, where all the jalousies were down. Through this pleasing obscurity she conducted him to a smaller apartment, which was still more obscure. "Here," said the girl, as she shewed him in, "you will find the lady." He immediately perceived a female figure on a sofa, whom he approached, and throwing himself on his knees, seized her hand which he covered with kisses and exclaimed,

"Oh, Aurelia, what a happy moment!"

"Happy?—truly happy," replied a soft female voice.

Rinaldo. Happier than I ever hoped to be.

Aurelia. And yet you were so irresolute.

Rinaldo. I knew not that it was Aurelia.

Aurelia. How!

Rinaldo. She whose image I shall eternally bear in my heart.

Aurelia. Count, you—

Rinaldo. Thus are the most ambitious of *my hopes* unexpectedly realized.

Aurelia. And have you—?

Rinaldo. Oh Aurelia, My life !

Aurelia. I fear—

Rinaldo. What can she fear whom I adore.

Aurelia. That which I have reason to fear.

Rinaldo. And what is that ?

Aurelia. That some misunderstanding has deceived you.

Rinaldo. How !

Aurelia. You speak to me as though we were old acquaintance, and to my knowledge—

Rinaldo. That voice—By Heavens—no, you are not Aurelia.

Aurelia. I am Aurelia, but cannot be the Aurelia you mean.

Rinaldo. Yes, my imagination has indeed deceived me. You are not Aurelia Rovezzo.

Aurelia. Alas ! I am not. Ah ! good Count, how much I wish I were. I have seen you and observed you. Alas ! with too much pleasure ; and now I fear my admiration is turned to love. Now I am compelled to wish I had never beheld you. O leave me to the torment you have caused, and pay your homage to your beloved Aurelia ?

Rinaldo. And shall this obscurity which surrounds us, never give place to day-light ?

Aurelia. Of what importance can it be to you to see the face of a woman to whom you are so indifferent ? continue for my sake to be a friend to a stranger who now desires to be so for ever. Your Aurelia—

Rinaldo. Ah ! I shall never see her more.

Aurelia. No!

Rinaldo. How could my imagination so widely deceive me? My Aurelia languished in a convent, and I have no claim upon her affections.

Aurelia. I compassionate you—but let us put an end to this interview. We have both enjoyed a pleasing dream: at the moment of our separation we shall awake: the remembrance, however, will be left us.

Rinaldo. If the dream is past let us change it to reality. Permit me to behold the face from which such charming words proceed. The sound of your harmonious voice—

Aurelia. If it be really so, it may compensate your stay. None but a lover shall see my face. Spare me the shame which the step I have taken causes, and now enough of our adventure. Adieu, Count.

Rinaldo. You are very cruel.

Aurelia. Of that you at least have no right to complain.

Rinaldo. Permit me for once to behold your beauteous eyes.

Aurelia. You have no claim to see them.

Rinaldo. Oh, charming stranger! The celestial harmony of your voice roots me to the ground. Do as you please, but I cannot quit this spot.

Aurelia. Be not indiscreet.

Rinaldo. I cannot go—I know not what thus overpowers me.

Aurelia. Curiosity.

Rinaldo. No, no.

Aurelia. Caprice.

Rinaldo. No, 'tis more powerful than either ;
I cannot but pay my homage to this beauteous
stranger.

Aurelia. With a divided heart.

Rinaldo. I love Aurelia Rovezzo as my sister,
but shall never possess her !

Aurelia. And do you, therefore, reckon on
possessing me ?

Rinaldo. Now I am able to go.

Aurelia. Then go.

Rinaldo. You have formed a bad opinion of
me.

Aurelia. That I will not say : but how will
your continuing here benefit either of us ?

Rinaldo. What harm can arise from my
paying you my homage ?

Aurelia. Oh, Count, I am not so vain as you
perhaps imagine. This imprudent step—but I
have already confessed to you my motives.

Rinaldo. Are you then entirely free ?

Aurelia. As yet I am.

Rinaldo. So am I.

Here a pause ensued : after which Rinaldo
kissed the hand of his fair incognita, and gently
pressed it, felt hers gently pressing his. Aure-
lia sighed ; and her sigh was repeated by Ri-
naldo.

Rinaldo. How happy might we be, both
equally free and unrestrained !

Aurelia. Count, I beg of you to leave me.
You have brought me into a situation in which
I ought not to be.

At length, however, the door opened. The lovers started, and looking up beheld the Corsican Captain.

"I can have no doubt," said he, "of what has passed, and I wish it may only give two persons cause of repentance."

The lady covered her face with her hands, when the Captain turning towards her, quietly took them away, and said, "You have torn yourself from me, and given yourself up to this man ; may he feel all the good and evil of being beloved by you ! I renounce you, and demand nothing back but the ring I gave you as the pledge of my fidelity.

Upon this she silently took the ring from her finger and returned it. As the Captain received it he added, "This house and garden you will this day leave ;" then quitting the apartment, he shut the door.

"How shall I understand all this ?" said Rinaldo with embarrassment.

"I will explain it," said she, "when we meet again." "When and where will that be ?"

"My maid will come for you as soon as I can see you."

Rinaldo now arose to depart, when Aurelia fell upon his neck, kissed him with ardour, and taking her ring from her finger which she put on his,

"I call this ring," said she, "as I now may you, mine."

Rinaldo. Oh, you know not, nor can you im-

agine, how dear this happy moment may perhaps cost me!

Aurelia. It has no price. I have given it you. The Corsican will not fight you.

Rinaldo. That is not what I fear.

Aurelia. What then can you fear?

Rinaldo. He is master of my most important secret.

Aurelia. Fear nothing, he is no traitor. I have been false to him, and yet fear nothing from him. Had he acted to me as I have to him, I would infallibly have plunged a dagger in his heart. I love without bounds, but if I am betrayed, blood must flow as sure as I exist.

Rinaldo. You are a most dangerous person.

Aurelia. Not to you, if you love me. To him who is the object of my choice I shall ever be faithful. The Captain I never chose or loved. Fortune alone united me to him, and I have at length found an opportunity of breaking my chains. But you I love, and give myself up to you entirely. Oh, love me as I love you, so shall we both be extremely happy.

Rinaldo at length departed and returned home like one in a dream. He now feared a visit from the Captain, but received none. Three days passed, yet he neither saw the Captain nor heard from his beloved innamorata.

On the fourth day, as he walked with pensive step beside the harbour, some cannon announced the arrival of a ship, whose boat presently put off and landed passengers. Rinaldo walked towards the strangers and the sailors

and porters who accompanied them, when he was suddenly seized from behind, and on turning round, Rosalia, in man's clothes, threw herself into his arms.

Surprize and terror made Rinaldo silent; but Rosalia burst into tears and exclaimed, "God be thanked! I have at last found you!"

To avoid observation Rinaldo returned home, whither the two boxes Rosalia had brought were carried also.

Rinaldo sent his servant out, shut the door, and when Rosalia had recovered herself, she related to him the following incidents:

"On that dreadful day when we were surrounded on all sides, I had the good fortune to escape. I fled to the mountains and came at length to Avezzo, where a worthy old woman received me. Grief and fear now affected me so deeply, that I was taken ill and miscarried. The strength of my constitution, however, overcame my illness; and as soon as I recovered I went to Leghorn, where I took ship for Naples, where I had a strong hope I should find you. Thanks to the Holy Virgin, I have succeeded.—In these boxes I have brought as much of your buried treasures as I could find in the Appenine mountains, and I rejoice heartily that I am enabled to restore them to their owner."

Rinaldo tenderly embraced her, thanked her for her fidelity, and instantly resolved to quit Naples as soon as possible.

"Now my dear girl, I am both rich and hap-

py," exclaimed he aloud ;" "and so shall you be also."

Fatigued with her voyage, Rosalia had lain down to repose, when the beautiful girl from Rinaldo's fair innamorata entered with the following letter :

"She who sincerely loves you—she whom you must no longer call Aurelia, but your own tender Olympia, wishes to enjoy the happiness of seeing you at her house ; the girl will conduct you to her."

Rinaldo reflected a moment, and at length resolved to accompany the girl in order to avoid giving his tender signora, whose revengeful spirit he well knew, the smallest suspicion.

As I am about to quit Naples so soon, said he to himself, I may at least see her once more, as it will probably be the last time.

Thus he accompanied the messenger of love to a beautiful house scarcely a hundred paces from his own residence : she received him in the most ardent manner, but Rinaldo assumed a considerable degree of coldness.

Olympia. Is it thus you return my passion ?

Rinaldo. It is four days since I have had the pleasure of seeing the beauteous Olympia.

Olympia. To me they have seemed an eternity.

Rinaldo. Indeed !

Olympia. Oh, speak not thus ; I might never have seen you more.

Rinaldo. And why not ?

Olympia. You shall hear—from this time

there is not an hour of my life but I devote to you. Ungrateful man, if you did but know what I have done !

Rinaldo. May I know it ?

Olympia. What do you imagine ?

Rinaldo. Nothing ; and therefore I would know what it is I have done which you estimate so high. My Olympia will also pardon me if—

Olympia. Not a word more. This coldness is misplaced, where love and happiness expect you. I can bear a man's ill-humour if I love him as I love you ; but this coldness I cannot bear ; I know not what claims I have on you, and I must confess the manner in which you now speak to me offends me. Now defend yourself.

Rinaldo. I wait first for Olympia's defence.

Olympia. Indeed !

Rinaldo. Mine shall immediately follow hers.

Olympia. How artful !

Rinaldo. Four whole days !

Olympia. Speak not of days, when love is our only concern, nor tax my feelings by the striking of the clock.—That which endures for ever cannot be counted by measures of time—I insist on hearing your defence.

Rinaldo. And I on yours ; for my right and the offence I have received are of longer date.

Olympia. Are you really offended ?

Rinaldo. If I were not I must be indifferent to you.

Olympia. Will you not permit me to conceal my secret ?

Rinaldo. No.

Olympia. Have you no secrets from me?

Rinaldo. That question shall be answered at a future time.

Olympia. Just so shall my question be resolved.

Rinaldo. This concealment increases my suspicion.

Olympia. What suspicion can you harbour?

Rinaldo. Those which a lover harbours from whose sight his beloved has hid herself for some moments—I talk not of four whole days.

Olympia. 'Tis connected with another history and must be concealed.

Rinaldo. Now then I am satisfied.

Olympia. Oh! why that bitter laugh? Alas, I understand you too well!

Rinaldo. I am glad of it.

Olympia. Do not provoke me to extremes.

Rinaldo. What would you do?

Olympia. For you I have—

Rinaldo. Was all you have done of your own free will or not?

Olympia. Alas! it was. But you know what I have sacrificed to this passion.

Rinaldo. If it can be compensated by gold—

Olympia. Ah, wretch that I am! I love you, and you would pay me with gold! Take from me all I have, make me as poor as a beggar, I will follow you barefoot:—and were you yourself to become poor, I would steal for you.—Yes, for you I would be carried to the scaffold, and rejoice that I and not you were to be the

victim! If you talk thus you must measure my passion by your own sordid standard.

As she said this she threw herself with vehement emotion upon a sofa; and Rinaldo silently paced to and fro across the chamber.

Olympia's maid now came in, and having set out a table with a cold collation and some fruit and wine, left the room.

After a long pause Olympia asked, "Will your lordship please to eat?"

"With all my heart," replied Rinaldo. Upon this, without speaking another word, chairs were placed, and they sat down and ate. Olympia then filled a glass, and taking it in her hand, said in a tender tone, "To our reconciliation!"

Rinaldo. If Olympia will confess herself in the wrong, and that she has unjustly offended me by what she last said?

Olympia. I will do every thing you wish—I love you so very dearly—Be it so. Now not a word further on that subject.

Rinaldo. But the four days must be first explained.

Olympia. I could not till to-day receive you decently.—On the very day when I parted from you so happy, I quitted the house which the Captain had taken from me, spent my time in a miserable habitation, and was not settled in this apartment till to-day.

Rinaldo. The place where thou wast present would have been the temple of love; why was I not admitted there?

Olympia. I was ashamed to receive you in an apartment and part of the town—

Rinaldo. Where you were yourself? if you were in want of any thing, why did you not—?

Olympia. Of that not a word.

Rinaldo. Did you live at the expense of the Captain or not?

Olympia. In some measure.

Rinaldo. You are not a Neapolitan?

Olympia. I am a Genoese of a noble birth?

Rinaldo. And yet live here?

Olympia. Had you heard my history you would know the cause.

Rinaldo. I will hear it now.

Olympia. As soon as you have rendered yourself worthy of my confidence.

Rinaldo. What do you know of the Captain?

Olympia. That he is a singular mysterious man, full of secrets, and priding himself on his great wisdom.

Rinaldo. And have you no proofs that he really possesses it?

Olympia. Some.

Rinaldo. What are they?

Olympia. I am afraid to discover them to you.

Rinaldo was about to reply, when a man who was muffled up came without ceremony into the room; walked up to him, and delivered him a letter. Olympia beheld this silent personage with an eye of suspense, while he took from the

table a glass of wine, which he drank and then silently quitted the room.

Rinaldini opened the letter, which contained these words :

“ Rinaldini is in danger.”

Then tore the paper in small pieces, and sprang up from the table.

“ In God’s name, Count,” said Olympia, in the utmost anxiety, “ what is the matter ?”

Rinaldo took his sword, kissed her hand, and said, “ To-morrow, my dear Olympia, you shall see me again ;” and then hurried to the door. Upon which Olympia sprang up, embraced him, and begged him to stay ; but he kissed her with ardour, and said in a tender voice, “ be calm, we shall meet again to-morrow.” He then tore himself away, quitted the room, ran down stairs and hastened home, where he had scarcely arrived before the same person who had just delivered him the letter entered. They looked at each other a considerable time without speaking, till at length Rinaldo broke silence and said,

“ Captain, I understand your hint.”

“ What the devil !” said the other, “ I never have been captain yet. But we have known each other when you were captain.” Thus saying he took off a mask, and discovered himself to be his old companion Ludovico.

Rinaldo pressed his hand and said,

“ Whence came you, my brave youth ?”

“ *That I will tell you,*” replied the other ;

"but first give me something to drink, for I am extremely thirsty.

Rinaldo now brought out some bottles of wine, and Ludovico related the following incidents :

"The last time we were attacked, when you were not with us, the artillery played upon us more heavily than it ever had before; and a terrible slaughter was the consequence. I came by circuitous paths from one town to another as secretly as possible, till I arrived here, when I found a relation, whom justice has in like manner driven from place to place, and who has introduced me to a set of fellows, that would steal the devil's nose from his face if he had one. They are mutually bound to each other, and I was received into the gang. Thus I earn my living by various ways and means. I saw you a few weeks ago, and beheld you with great surprise, but was perfectly sure you were the same person as had been our brave captain. Thunder and lightning! thought I, how comes he here? I would have asked you yourself, but it was open day light, and we are not fond of shewing ourselves by day; for the sbirri have hawk's eyes. You were gone immediately; but I knew not where you lived, and since then I never could meet with you. I began to think you were over the hills and far away, when I unexpectedly met you one night with a girl of my acquaintance."

Rinaldo. How? Do you know the girl?

Ludovico. Know her? Yes, by Heavens!

Rinaldo. Who is she?

Ludovico. Oh, you must know that well enough, since you were in her company.

Rinaldo. I know her but slightly.

Ludovico. She is now in the service of the lady at whose house I found you.

Rinaldo. I know that, and if you know nothing more, you are no wiser than myself.

Ludovico. Enough. But I know she is very good natured.

Rinaldo. That I know not.

Ludovico. Then I know more of her than you. She is exactly like her mistress.

Rinaldo. How? Signora Olympia was—

Ludovico. Oh heavens! You are neither the first nor last of her friends, but now it is dangerous. Seeing this I thought it my duty to warn you, and wrote the letter which I brought to you myself. I am glad you attended to it, for let me be shivered if prince della Torre will put up with a joke or an insult. He has given many a man his quietus when he least expected it.

Rinaldo. But how comes the prince in question?

Ludovico. In the most natural way in the world. He is the friend of the lady you were visiting, and is most cursedly jealous.

Rinaldo. Ludovico, I can scarcely believe this.

Ludovico. Never again call me comrade if I tell you a lie. I must know something of him, as I have received his pay for a whole month,

and might perhaps have had his orders to give you your dose. That, however, I would never have done, devil take me if I would, had I been reduced to beggary or even burnt upon the rack.

Rinaldo. The lady, however, cannot long have been acquainted with the prince?

Ludovico. These four days.

Rinaldo. That is possible.

Ludovico. 'Tis a fact. That is not her own apartment where you saw her to-day. But perhaps you keep her?

Rinaldo. By no means. I have only known her these five days.

Ludovico. Then you do not know her yet. Nor do I think you would in five times five years. She is a cursed artful woman. She has served a certain Captain too a pretty trick.

Rinaldo. Do you know this Captain?

Ludovico. Yes.

Rinaldo. And who is he?

Ludovico. That is known only to the devil.

Rinaldo. Then you do not know him?

Ludovico. Oh yes! I know a good deal of him.

Rinaldo. As for example?

Ludovico. He is privately the good friend of every fellow like me in Naples. They all hang upon him like links of a chain. He is now in the monastery of the Benedictines with a great apparatus. I know not what scheme he is upon.

Rinaldo. What apparatus?

Ludovico. He calls up spirits.

Rinaldo. Real spirits.

Ludovico. That is best known to him and the devil. I have not been there.

Rinaldo. Ludovico, we are still good friends?

Ludovico. Thunder and lightning! do you doubt me?

Rinaldo. Then in confidence, I am not without my company.

Ludovico. That may be. But the rogues are certainly not here.

Rinaldo. In Calabria.

Ludovico. That may be. There is something to do there.

Rinaldo. A fine country for us! Cinthio commands in my absence.

Ludovico. Thunder and lightning! I must go there.

Rinaldo. I will give you money.

Ludovico. Bravo! And I will take half a dozen good fellows with me, who will never give in. Curse me! this is a bad life we lead here. Little money and little to eat; and then a noise and parade about every trifle, as if it were of the greatest consequence; the sbirri always at our heels, and the gallows before our eyes. 'Tis a wretched life! here is my hand. I will go to Calabria.

Rinaldo. Very good! I will give you money for your travelling expenses.

Ludovico. But tell me what you do here?

Rinaldo. I am recruiting.

Ludovico. Leave that business to me. I am

better acquainted with the kind of people here that will answer our purpose.

Rinaldo. Well, get every one you can. Cinthio is waiting for recruits.

Ludovico. He shall have them.

Rinaldo. And now a word in confidence. Would not the Captain—

Ludovico. He shall know it.

Rinaldo. I do not mean that.

Ludovico. What then?

Rinaldo. I am thinking whether he may not, perhaps, by fair words be removed to Calabria.

Ludovico. That can hardly be. He lives here among connexions of too high rank.

Rinaldo. But think of it.

Rosalia now awoke; which Rinaldo perceiving opened the door of the cabinet where she was, and called her out.—Ludovico was astonished at beholding her, but told her he rejoiced to see her again in good health, and whispered in Rinaldo's ear, "Signora Olympia is prettier."

Rinaldo smiled, gave him some money, and put an end to the visit. Ludovico, however, asked Rosalia several questions relative to her escape; and having emptied his glass and promised to come again soon, went away half drunk.

The next morning, as Rosalia was assisting her beloved Rinaldo to dress, she said in a soft voice:

"My dear Rinaldo, if you really love me, if you love me but half as much as I love you,

oh! grant my ardent request. Associate no longer with people of Ludovico's stamp, and let us quit Naples as soon as possible. Let us go to some other country, where we shall no longer fall in with old acquaintance of this kind! and if you abandon me, leave me not in a country where, perhaps, I may come to some disgraceful end. Ah! all I have ever done is to love you.—That is my only crime, if crime it be. Oh, let me bury it in an honourable grave."

Tears now burst from her eyes, and Rinaldo, who was much affected, embraced her, saying,

"I know how to value your sincere and honest heart; and I feel all that your love for me deserves. What you desire I have already resolved to perform; and before three days are past will sail, provided I can find a ship ready to take her departure for Spain. But should no such opportunity offer, we will go in the meanwhile to Sicily. Naples we will leave as soon as possible. 'Tis more important to me than you imagine. Ludovico's associates are no longer mine. And as long as I am in the same place with him, I am in his power, and I must flatter him more than I like."

Having said this, he took his sword and went out to the apartments of Olympia.

BOOK IV.

Rinaldo found Olympia's apartments shut up, which reminded him of what Ludovico had told him. He was desirous to convict her of the double residence spoken of by him. But how was this to be accomplished? On this he reflected as he went to the promenade.

"Well!" thought he at length, "she may live where she will for me! Of what importance is it? Why should I trouble myself with any of her concerns?—I will leave Naples; for now I know who she is."

As these reflections passed, he approached the church of San Lorenzo, which he involuntarily entered, perhaps through some faint presentiment or suspicion.

The first object he beheld as he entered was Olympia, who having said her prayers shut her book, and then rising took the arm of a cavalier, who gave her some holy water, and accompanied her out of church.

Rinaldo followed her at a distance, and at length entered the house to which her companion conducted her. Here he met on the stairs Olympia's maid, who screamed aloud.

"Do you also live here said Rinaldo bitterly; then passing her, without waiting her answer, opened the first door he came to, and walked through an antichamber into the room where Olympia was sitting on a sofa with her cavalier.

On seeing this unexpected visitor Olympia blushed, while the Cavalier looked alternately at her and at the bold stranger with the utmost surprise. Rinaldo was the first man who came to himself, and now perceived how imprudently he had acted: but as it was too late to reflect on steps already taken, he endeavoured to recover himself, and making a silent bow to both of them, gave Olympia a significant look, fixed his eyes somewhat firmly on her companion, and with another silent bow retired. But he had scarcely reached the door of the antichamber when he heard that of the inner room open, and the cavalier call after him: "a few words, sir, if you please."

Rinaldo now turned round, and with perfect tranquillity asked, "To what effect?"

"What do you want here?"

"That which I have found."

"But what was the object of your visit?"

"A conviction, which, as I said before, I have found."

"I demand a clear explanation."

"Make one for yourself."

"Sir, I demand it at the point of the sword."

"At the point of the sword you shall have it."

"Prince," cried Olympia, "I beg of you, suffer me to explain:" for this was the Prince della Torre, of whom Ludovico had spoken.

"Prince. Here is some secret, of which I must have the key.

Rinaldo. The signora will give it you.

Olympia. This gentleman—

Prince. Who is he ?

Olympia. He is an acquaintance of the Captain, and probably wished—

Prince. What does he wish ?

Olympia. Probably he had something to communicate to me ?

The Prince now cast a very expressive look at her, upon which she seemed confused, turned pale, and threw herself into a chair.

“Are you not in danger of fainting,” said the Prince in a tone of raillery : and imitating her, threw himself in like manner into another chair.

Rinaldo, with the utmost indifference, inquired, “May I go, or shall I stay ?”

“Do as you please,” replied the Prince with precisely the same indifference : upon which Rinaldo seated himself on a third chair opposite to them, and contributed to form a silent group, till Olympia’s maid came in : but she stood in mute astonishment, and forgot what she was about to say. At length she suddenly turned round and hurried out.

The Prince now sprang up—pressed his hat down upon his face, and left the room without saying a word.

Olympia. What have you done ?

Rinaldo. You know what you have done. You have imposed on me, cheated me, deceived me, and betrayed me ; and I know, perhaps, more than you suspect. Signora, remember the scene when the Captain found us together

—remember what he then said. Now, like him, I demand my ring again.

Olympia. The Captain found us in a very different situation from that in which you now saw me.

Rinaldo. It depended but on me to have found you so. I need only to have waited a little longer.—I beg to have my ring.—I will purchase it of you.

Olympia. Wretch that you are! I want not your gold as long as others will give something for yourself; which is of more value, your ring or your head?

Rinaldo. How?

Olympia. Both are in my power, most noble—Count! I shall expect from you, within four-and-twenty hours, one thousand ducats, for I must leave Naples.—If you will not give it me, another will give as much for you. Do you understand me? My maid will receive the money. Here is your ring. Once more—do you understand me? Good bye!

Rinaldo. If you imagine—

Olympia. No excuse, Count, or I will call you by another name.

Rinaldo. By the Captain's perhaps?

Olympia. I know who is now before me and persist in my demand.—If you do not choose to pay me, another will pay for you.

Rinaldo. You shall have the money—only, confess you have deceived me.

Olympia. Why should I confess, when you believe it already? It can neither tranquillize

you, nor make you more unhappy than you appear to be already. I leave you to pay the money, and you may wish me a happy journey. Thus we shall be quit; and if you are wise, you will also leave Naples, or the Prince may destroy us both. Besides, you have much to fear from the Captain. For if he cannot save himself any other way, he will seize upon you as a dernier resource, and turn you into money. On this speculation of the Captain alone rests your present security. You are his corps de reserve. But now I anticipate him, and seize the treasure in his stead: for I know no other way of saving myself. When may I send my maid?

Rinaldo. Whenever you please. I wish you a good journey.

Olympia. The same to you—most terrible ruler of the Appenines—ha, ha, ha! Rinaldini! 'Tis very hard truly that such a terrible fellow as you would be afraid of a poor foolish woman, who is as rich in love as she is poor in pocket; and who for a couple of paltry ducats could send you in chains to Tuscany. But to what extremes will not the want of money drive the best of men! Me it might compel to betray, and you to steal.

Rinaldo. I think, signora, that neither of us has any need to read lectures on morality.

Olympia. But one word more as to myself and the conduct I have held—when I learnt from the Captain who you were, I perceived his intentions—and as I loved you—and love

you still—I thought it my duty to protect my lover against him.

Rinaldo. I am obliged to you.

Olympia. This was the cause of my acquaintance with the Prince. I would have taken an opportunity to have brought you acquainted with each other, but you have marred all my plans. It was chance, however, that brought it about, and therefore we must not reproach each other.

Rinaldo. Thus, then, I am indebted to your kindness.

Olympia. 'Twill be requited by the sum I mention.

Rinaldo. If it can be requited it shall. Have we done ?

Olympia. I hope so. But do you know any thing yet, that—?

Rinaldo. I have nothing more to say, except that I have now gained a new piece of knowledge of mankind.

Olympia. Indeed ! Then turn it to advantage.

Rinaldo. That I certainly shall. When we are alone it will be an amusement to think of each other. This permission I at least purchase.

Olympia. Surely—and should we meet any where at a future time—

Rinaldo. We will be utter strangers.

Olympia. Agreed.

Rinaldo now took his leave and hastened to the harbour, but in his way very unexpectedly

fell in with the Captain, who gave him a wink, in consequence of which he very unwillingly followed him to a retired place.

"Let us not," said the Captain, "talk of old affairs : for what has happened has happened ; and what is past is past. We have only to do with the present. I am in want of money, and on this occasion I apply to you, because I know you have what I want. Lend me two thousand ducats, for which I will give you my silence as security ? And if you know how to make use of Signora Olympia, as Prince della Torre apparently does, I borrow on a still better fund."

"I know," said Rinaldo, "how much I am indebted to you, and what I have to thank you for. I know the part you have taken in my fortune, and am much indebted to you. Therefore, when I present you with two thousand ducats, I beg you to accept it merely as a small mark of my heartfelt gratitude. I am not, however, provided with so much ready cash as you may imagine ; but I will turn some valuables into money, and you shall have what you want within two days."

"Friend," said the Captain, "my necessities are pressing. I had rather have the money to-day than to-morrow or next day."

"Well," replied Rinaldo, "I will procure it by to-morrow evening, when I shall hope to see you at my apartments."

He now with a silent bow took leave of the Captain, who looked after him as he went to the harbour, where lay a Genoese ship that

was about to weigh anchor in an hour and sail for Malta.

Rinaldo spoke with the Captain, and told him he wished to take his passage with him; to which the Captain replied, "I will receive you on board with pleasure, but I must inform you of what you do not perhaps know, and which I have this moment learnt. About an hour ago, an order has been published to receive no passengers on board any ship without a passport from the police, under pain of confiscating the ship's cargo. I know not the motive of this order, but in all probability there is some suspicious person in the city, and this is the method taken to catch him."

"Most probably," returned Rinaldo with perfect indifference, but palpitating heart. "However, I will procure such a passport."

Meanwhile Rinaldo returned home with the utmost anxiety, and like one in a dream. "If I am so well known here," thought he, "I had better go back and hide myself in my woods and caves."

He found Ludovico in his room talking with Rosalia. To them he related what had happened at the harbour, at which Rosalia trembled, and Ludovico was confounded. They looked at each other and were silent.

At length Rinaldo seemed to recover from his alarm:

"Ludovico," said he, "you are a very honest fellow; to you I will entrust this girl and this trunk. Conduct her to some place of safety."

and I will quit Naples as secretly as possible. You will follow me to Cosenza, where we will in all events meet, for neither of us must quit it till the other arrives. I know that I am certainly betrayed, and must save my person. You will travel as privately as possible."

He now put on his pilgrim's dress, took with him as many jewels as he could conveniently pack up and conceal about him, and set off without delay. Ludovico swore fidelity to him, and Rosalia burst into tears.

Rinaldo found no impediment to quitting the city, and took the road to Salerno, whence, without venturing to stay there long, he pursued his way to Clarimonte, where, being extremely fatigued, he was obliged to take up his quarters for some time, and in a miserable inn, struggled with the pains of his body and the anguish of his soul. His feet were very sore, much blistered, and swelled. He wished himself dead, yet dared not to put an end to his life.

A very worthy physician attended him, assuaged his corporeal pains, and endeavoured, though with little success, to cheer his mind with friendly conversation.

At length Rinaldo again set forward, and hastened to the mountains of Mormando, over which he travelled towards Cosenza, passing many a hermitage that reminded him of his friend Donato, as every monastery did of Aurelia, and every wild mountain-scene of the life *he had led among the Appennines.*

Once being oppressed by the heat of the day, he threw himself down beneath some poplars, and abandoned himself to peaceful contemplations, till at length he was suddenly alarmed by a noise near him. On looking up he beheld two men standing by him, whose appearance resembled that of his former comrades.

"Who are you?" said one of them.

"A pilgrim, as you see," replied Rinaldo.

"Where are you going?"

"To the miraculous image of the holy virgin at Cosenza."

"Can you do nothing better?"

"I am ill and weak, and hope to find relief there."

"We will lighten your burden at least. Take out your purse and give it us."

"Who are you?"

"We are men who live by our wits."

"I have no money."

"We don't believe you."

"Then you are mistaken."

"No expostulations! We have no time to lose in disputing."

"Have you ever heard of the celebrated Rinaldo?"

"O yes."

"He suffered no pilgrim to be plundered. His friend Cinthio once met—"

"Cinthio?"

"Why do you take so much notice of that brave fellow's name?"

"Why should we not? 'Tis the name of our captain."

"Your captain?—Where is he? Lead me to him. He knows me. I once rendered him a service which he promised to return. Now is the time for him to keep his word."

The two thieves looked at each other with surprise, and Rinaldo got up, took his pilgrim-staff, and was about to set off when one of them cried:—"Not a step from this spot!" and held a pistol to him.

"I would be carried to your captain," said Rinaldo firmly. "He would not suffer me to be robbed."

"Not so bold, fellow!"

"Perhaps you fear I should inform against you? I give you my word I will not. You are silent?—I will keep my word. I honour you highly when I request you to conduct me to Cinthio."

"O ho! upon honour!"

"I swear to you that Cinthio will reward you handsomely for conducting me to him. I am a man."

"That we perceive, but will not carry you to our captain. Your purse or a ball through your brains. Choose."

"Fire if you dare—I am Rinaldini."

Upon this they dropped their arms, and fell at his feet.

"I will keep my word," said Rinaldo, "Lead me to your captain, and I will besides give each of you ten ducats."

They now sprang up greatly rejoiced, waved their hats in the air, kissed his hands and showed him the way—but when they perceived how tired he was, they joined hands and carried him to Cinthio's abode, which was a vast cavern. Cinthio was now encamped in front of it, in a tent, where he had thrown himself on a field-bed, and was thinking of Rinaldini at the very time when this singular group approached.

His people now set down their pretended pilgrim before the field-bed, and one of them said,

"Captain, this is a valuable load. The sbirri would not have brought him in so easy a manner. Here he is. Look at him yourself, and tell us who he is?"

Cinthio cast his eyes upon Rinaldini, but could not utter a word: for a sudden sensation ran through his soul, and an unaccountable trepidation robbed him of his speech.

"Do you no longer know me?" said Rinaldo in a faint voice.

Cinthio now rushed towards him, and pressed him to his bosom, while tears trembled in his eyes, and bedewed his darksome cheeks. Silent and confused stood his companions around him, while he cried aloud,

"Do I then see you again, Rinaldini, my friend? Do I again hear you speak! And is it not a dream?"

Upon this every one exclaimed as from one mouth,

"Long live the great Rinaldini, and Cinthio his friend, our brave captain!"

Rinaldo now related his story to his friend, who heard him without interruption, but when he had concluded, said,

"See, Rinaldini, will you believe me now, when I tell you we never can resume our places, or be thought of any value in society?"

Rinaldo. I am now convinced. Experience has proved it.

Cinthio. Let us live in woods and mountains, and avoid the high towered cities. In Calabria our business will thrive. Nature seems to have formed that country expressly for us. The farther we penetrate into it the better we shall be, nor shall we ever want for a living. I am at the head of eighty men, and can have more whenever I please. But now I resign my place of captain—

Rinaldo. Keep what is your own, and let me inhabit one of the most retired corners of Calabria as a hermit.

Cinthio. Are you in your senses? May you not be discovered, and, thus defenceless, be thrown into the power of the law? From the story you have told I learn that you have an enemy whom you ought to fear. If any one tracks you out it must be the captain, who has resolved to live at your expense. But if you were at the head of my eighty men, he would not hurt a hair of your head. As a defenceless hermit you may soon be taken and compelled to yield to superior force. Mankind pursue

you, the police have set a price upon your head, and your own name follows you every where like a crime. At the head of your comrades alone you will find esteem and safety. Can you not choose ?

Rinaldo. Let me but recover my strength, and then I will think of it. Here is money; divide it among your people, and set me at rest, that I may be again Rinaldini; for my spirit is gone from me, and my strength is no more.

Cinthio now set off with his company, and removed to a ruined castle where he had arranged some rooms, in which he lodged his friend, who, after much care and attention, by degrees recovered his strength.

He now informed Cinthio that he must go to Cosenza, and for what reason, Ludovico and Rosalia having directions to wait his arrival there. But Cinthio would not admit of it, and desired him to write a letter to Rosalia, which he resolved to carry himself. Rinaldo, unable to oppose his arguments, at length permitted his friend to go to Cosenza, and in the meanwhile took command of his company, anxiously waiting his return.

A week after his departure some of the band brought Rosalia, together with Rinaldo's trunks and packages, safely to him. Ludovico also accompanied them, but in chains. Cinthio was not with them, and some of his people delivered to Rinaldo a letter from him to the following effect.

"Rinaldo, I resign to you the command of my company. When I see you again I will tell you where I now am, and what I have done. I have taken one hundred ducats out of your stock, which I may, perhaps, employ in executing my present plans : if not, they shall be returned. Ludovico will himself tell you the reason of my sending him to you in chains. You will then best know what you ought to do with him. Adieu. CINTHIO."

Rinaldo now called Ludovico forth, and Rosalia reclined upon his bosom.

Rinaldo. Why do you bear these chains ?

Ludovico. In consequence of my treachery.

Rinaldo. Treachery !

Ludovico. I am a villain ! and have discovered myself to Cinthio. From you I wait my sentence ; for 'twas you my treachery concerned.

Rinaldo. Me !

Ludovico. Hear my confession, and judge me according to my deserts.—'Twas I betrayed you at Naples ! Through me the accursed Captain knew who you were !

Rinaldo. Is it possible !

Ludovico. 'Tis the truth. Doubt it not. But when I came to my senses I repented of what I had done, and set about repairing my fault. You know how I have since then served you. With Rosalia I quitted Naples in the greatest danger, and have brought her to Cosenza.

Your property I have respected ; and with repentance for my accursed discovery I have martyr'd myself, like a repentant sinner with flagellation. But at length I was compelled to let all come out, and I confessed. Cinthio chained me ; and I deserved it. Yet it was of no use ; for I should, at all events, have come to you to hear my sentence from your mouth. Pronounce it and punish me.

Rinaldo. I forgive you.

Ludovico. Captain !

Rinaldo. I forgive you all.

Ludovico. Let me be flogged ! let me be hanged ! forgive me not so easily.

Rinaldo. I am in safety. Rosalia and my treasure are secure, what more can I wish ? You have acted honorably with regard to my property ; these services you have rendered me, and I forgive you. If you wish it you may stay with me ; for I am satisfied you will not again betray me.

Ludovico. Indeed I will not. See, Captain, I cannot help these tears, though 'tis a shame. Do punish me, however, in some way, or I can never look you in the face again. I cannot rest if you let me off so easy.

Rinaldo. Well then, you shall be punished ; remind me of it four weeks hence, in which time, perhaps, I may find a proper punishment for you.

Ludovico. I will not fail to remind you.

Rinaldo. Now go free and acquitted to my

people to whom you belong. I rely upon you in case of danger.

Ludovico. My poor life shall be at your command.

Rinaldo. I will call as many of my people as are here in the neighbourhood, and take off your chains, that they may know I hold you to be innocent.

Ludovico. Captain, if I forget that kindness, I will suffer my head to be cut off.

Rosalia's joy at her meeting with Rinaldo exceeded the power of description; for her whole soul seemed to exist but in his, and for him alone she lived; while he speedily recovered under the care and attention of his beloved. His mind also daily regained its cheerfulness, and he enjoyed the beautiful scenes of nature with increasing sensibility.

This peaceful tranquillity, however, was less pleasing to his companions than to himself, and one of them thus addressed him in the name of the rest:

"Is it really the great Rinaldini that lies here thus inactive, and only toying with this girl? Do not, at least, encourage us to follow this example. If you would be our captain, find us employment."

"I am not inclined," replied Rinaldo, "to send you on the road to tear from the poor traveller the last penny which is to support him on his journey. I would rather give you so much myself without force. But if you can

point out any enterprize that is worthy of me, I will presently shew you that I am Rinaldini."

"To judge of this," replied Albonicorno, for that was the name of the orator, "is not our part; 'tis enough that we are not here, to sit with our hands in our bosoms like useless idlers. Thunder and lightning! shall we have the famous Rinaldini for our leader that we may bury ourselves in the mountains. This we might do without your assistance. Our wine bottles are as empty as our pockets.

Rinaldo. Well! get some wine from the best of the monasteries.

Albonicorno. How is that to be done?

Rinaldo. That is your affair.

Albonicorno. If we had a captain—

Rinaldo. If a battle be necessary, your captain will be there.

Albonicorno. Who would fight with such fellows; men that would throw their breviary at the head of the devil himself?

Rinaldo. Does that frighten you? It may be done with perfect ease and quiet. Take the abbot, and you will have plenty of wine.

Albonicorno. That is easily said. But do not these gentlemen always sit at home, like a hen upon her chickens? Give us something better to do.

Rinaldo. To-morrow I will look about in the valley: perhaps something will fall out, or something occur to my mind that may help you to some work. Leave it to me: I am in fortune's good graces.

The next morning Rinaldo, according to his promise, went into the valley, and approached the town of Fiscaldo, at the time when the inhabitants were celebrating the feast of their patroness with dancing and singing. Booths were erected and filled with various goods, and stages from which monks were selling amulets, consecrated chaplets of roses, and other reliques. The poor Calabrians crowded round their stages, and brought thither their little savings, which were all swallowed up by the great box of the spiritual empirics; whose stock, though large, was insufficient to satisfy the continual demand of the crowd that continually flowed towards his stage.

"These impostors," thought Rinaldo, "shall not carry all this treasure home." He therefore sent Ludovico back, and gave him directions to Albonicorno and some others, to be on the watch, pointing out what they were to do in order to take their box of treasure from the monks. This plan was executed towards evening.

In a corner where stood the image of the holy virgin, some poor Calabrians, who had nothing else to give, shewed their piety and devotion by performing a concert to the holy virgin.* Rinaldo joined the party, expressed his approbation to the pious musicians, and gave the poor people some money: "because," as he said, "the holy virgin had revealed to him that she

* See *Voyage Pittoresque en Naples et Sicile*, vol. 1. p. 240.

did not desire to have any thing gratis, and that he should pay for her."

The musicians thanked him very gratefully, took the money, and brought it to the spiritual shop, where it was all thrown into the great box, and thus found its way back into the hands of Rinaldini.

Two ladies in masks, who were walking with a cavalier in the market-place, now attracted Rinaldo's attention; and he had scarcely begun to approach them, when one of them appeared also to remark him, and evidently endeavoured to get near him, till at length she whispered without being noticed,

"Welcome! Count Mandochini,"

Rinaldo started, and asked, "Who speaks?"

"An acquaintance," answered she, and rejoined her company.

Rinaldo paused and fixed his eyes on her as she went, till she was lost in the crowd, then stepped aside, and while examining his pistols some one clapped him on the shoulder. He turned round with affright, and perceived it was Cinthio.

"Cinthio! are you here?"

"Not only I but some of your acquaintance."

Rinaldo. That I have already heard?

Cinthio. Indeed!

Rinaldo. A lady in a mask called me by the name I used at Naples—Count Mandochini.

Cinthio. Well! and do you not guess?—

Rinaldo. What should I guess?

Cinthio. In Cosenza I have been watching your acquaintance, and have followed them every where. They are both here, and I think they will soon be in our power.

Rinaldo. Who?

Cinthio. Who? How can you ask that question? Who but the artful Captain and the beautiful Signora Olympia.

Rinaldo. Is it possible?

Cinthio. 'Tis certain. They seem to live with a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom they will probably join their heads to plunder. But we will in our turns plunder these cut-purses so completely that they shall never forget us.

Meanwhile came Bramante, one of his company, hastily towards him, saying:

"Captain, yonder is a gentleman in company with some other gentlemen and ladies, who speaks out clearly the name of Rinaldini! One of them called to two sbirri, and another was talking with an officer of militia! I hastened hither to inform you of these circumstances!"

"You now perceive," said Cinthio, that I said no more than the truth. I know the roads about this place. Bramante, watch for them. We shall go to the hermitage of San Sepolcro. If you meet with any of our band, let them join you. You will wait for us near the poplar grove under the hermitage."

Bramante immediately sat off, and Cinthio led Rinaldo through some ruined aqueducts out of the town of Fiscaldo.

Meanwhile Bramante met three of his companions at the Poplar Grove. They were upon the heights of San Sepolcro when they heard the drums beat, and immediately after a confused noise of bells, upon which the whole valley was in an uproar. Perceiving this, they passed the ridge of the mountain, and near their quarters, fell in with a joyous party of their people, who had taken away two boxes full of money, apparently very heavy, from the spiritual shops.

Soon after their arrival they packed up their baggage and departed; and passing the mountain, left a guard of three men by San Paola; and further on, a guard of six men. They then went to the heights of San Lucito, the avenues to which they strongly manned. Here, amid dreadful rocks and precipices, they pitched their tents.

It was midnight ere Rinaldo, who was extremely fatigued, threw himself upon his bed. Rosalia trimmed the lamp and laid down beside him. But Rinaldo had scarcely closed his eyes, before a loud scream from Rosalia awakened him. He started up, and would have inquired what was the matter, when a tall white figure appeared standing at the entrance of his tent, and having twice beckoned with its finger, disappeared.

Rinaldo sprang up, went out of the tent, found the guards awake, and those who were nearest to the tent knew not what to answer, when he inquired if nothing had happened.

He returned to the tent and found Rosalia much dejected; for she remembered a similar appearance in the Appenines. Rinaldo also became very pensive. At length he fell asleep, and was waked by Cinthio at break of day.

"I will take twenty men with me," said the latter, "and reconnoitre in the valleys."

When he was gone, Rinaldo called Ludovico, and said, "Now Ludovico, is the time for your punishment.—The Captain and Signora Olympia are somewhere in the neighbourhood of Fiscaldo: go, and do not return till you bring me intelligence where they are, so that we may drive them out."

"That shall soon be done," said Ludovico, and immediately set off.

Rinaldo now looked out for a couple of secret places, and accompanied, by Rosalia, buried his most precious jewels in the earth. This done, he gave the signal of departure, mustered his corps, found it to be fifty six strong, and well-armed, gave the word and descended into the valley.

He had not marched far when he perceived the beating of drums in the distance. Upon this he halted, to secure a retreat; but soon heard firing in the distance, and therefore sent spies to the heights.

The firing approached, and at length intelligence arrived from his spies that Cinthio and his people were fighting with the militia and the *sbirri* in the valley of San Lucito. Upon this

he sent twelve men to reinforce him, and followed them himself with the remainder.

The firing became more rapid as he approached nearer to the scene of action. But now some men came flying towards him, which gave him hopes. He was still advancing, however, without suspecting the enemy to be near, when his corps was fired on from the heights. On looking up, he perceived that they were occupied by militia, upon which he quickened his march, and at length arrived just in good time in the field of battle.

Cinthio's corps had been very roughly handled, and scarcely twelve men were now fighting, like desperadoes, against a force ten times their strength; and had they not been a band of Robbers, their achievements would have procured them the name of heroes.

Rinaldo and his men now rushed upon the soldiers and sbirri with such fury that being surprised at this sudden onset, they were obliged to give back, and Rinaldo followed them step for step. Meanwhile Cinthio collected his little troop, brought those who were dispersed, together with the men at various posts, and thus again was thirty men strong.

With them he hastened to reinforce Rinaldo, whom he rejoined, reaching him as he was retreating. But the militia having brought their cannon with them, had made such good use of them that Rinaldo had scarcely twenty men to oppose them.

When Cinthio arrived, both corps united and

returned the charge. Suddenly about thirty dragoons attacked them in the flank, and in a moment Rinaldo with two of his men were cut off and surrounded. Rinaldo broke his sabre, his pistols were discharged, his comrades fell by his side with musket shot, and he was obliged to surrender. This capture cost sixteen of the soldiers their lives.

Enraged at the death of their companions, the troops vehemently beat Rinaldo, who received their blows without giving any sign who he was. At length two of them bound him between their horses, and took him to a castle where he was thrown into a dark dungeon, and after an interval of some hours, obtained some straw to lie on, and some bread and water for his supper.

Being extremely fatigued, he sank upon his wretched bed, overpowered with grief and sorrow; but neither wept nor complained. At length, being quite exhausted, he fell asleep. He had not however been long in this situation before he dreamed that Rosalia was standing by his side. He awoke, started up, perceived a light in the prison, and saw a lady in a veil standing by him.

"Who art thou?" cried Rinaldo.

"Be not afraid," said she "and answer me truly and frankly. You may repent should you refuse."

"What would you know of me?"

"Are you Count Mandochini?"

"I am."

"Then you are Rinaldini," said she, and left the dungeon.

Rinaldo now began to reflect what this might signify, when the gate of his prison opened, and an old man entered with bread and water, which he left and went out.

Day was now succeeded by night, and Rinaldo lay in silent obscurity on his straw bed, when the door was again opened and the lady in a veil entered with a light.

Rinaldo. Who is here?

Lady. The object we have once loved we cannot easily hate. We have seen each other once, and were happy.—How is it possible I should forget it?

Rinaldo. Heavens! I should know that voice.

Lady. At Naples you cheated me of the money for my journey, but I am now better off than you.

Rinaldo. Olympia!

Olympia. Do you know me now

Rinaldo. What am I to expect of you?

Olympia. Magnanimity.

Rinaldo. Olympia!

Olympia. I saw you as you were brought hither, and knew you. In the castle they know not what a precious bird they have caught, otherwise you would certainly not be left unchained. It depends on me to procure you fetters.

Rinaldo. Then let me have them.

Olympia. Obstinate man.

Rinaldo. What would you here?

Olympia. Guess.

Rinaldo. Torment me! That I can bear.
Pity me! That I desire not. Let me die!
That is my wish.

Olympia. Proud man!—I will save you.

Rinaldo. You!

Olympia. Yes, I.

Rinaldo. Olympia!

Olympia. I, who loved you, and love you still.
But I am not disinterested.

Rinaldo. That I believe. But I have nothing
by me to give you, except this purse.

Olympia. Money I want not, I have purses
now for you. I only wish for a written acknow-
ledgment that you are indebted to me for your
life.

Rinaldo. Has that yet happened?

Olympia. It shall and will happen.

Rinaldo. How?

Olympia. As I please. As I have planned it.

Rinaldo. Well?

Olympia. Oh my dear betrayer! What
would I not do for you?—I will even now take
you out of this dungeon. At the castle gate a
servant is in waiting for you with a horse loaded
with clothes for your accommodation. In the
port is a Genoese galley ready to sail for Sicily,
on board of which you will go to Messina as the
Knight Della Cintra, under which name I have
procured you this passport. In Palermo you
will go to the house of Marchese Romano, and
give him this letter, which will procure you a

kind reception—and here is a purse of one hundred ducats.

Rinaldo. Money I want not—I have some with me, and also some jewels.

Olympia. Well, then I will take the money again. But the writing I have asked for I must have. Here is a pencil and paper, with which you must contrive to write it as well as you can.

Rinaldo. Here is the writing; But how shall I——

Olympia. No delay! We will talk of that another time.

Rinaldo. But if I——

Olympia. Lose no time! You are in the castle of the Prince della Torre, whom you know. If we are discovered we are both lost. Give me a kiss and then follow me.

Rinaldo now quitted the dungeon, and passed through the court to an open gate, where having again kissed his innamorata he left the castle.

A few paces from it he found the horse and servant waiting for him, and having instantly mounted, set off in a hard trot. They soon reached the harbour, where he gave his attendant some money, who having loosed the portmanteau from the horse, instantly returned. Rinaldo dressed himself behind a hedge in a travelling dress, which he found in the portmanteau, where he packed up the clothes he had taken off.

The sun was now down; and Rinaldo taking his portmanteau under his arm, approached the port, where he shewed his passport to the

officer on duty, and was allowed without further impediment to pursue his way.

He immediately went on board the promised galley, which having weighed anchor set sail, while Rinaldo cast a lingering look towards the shore, and sighed out, "Rosalia! Rosalia!"

Having arrived at Messina, Rinaldo had scarcely taken up his quarters and dressed himself before he hastened to the Marchese Romano to deliver Olympia's letter.

He found the marquis surrounded by company, who were on a visit at his house, and to whom he introduced him. The marquis having read the letter, received him very kindly, and presented him to his company, which consisted of princes, counts, countesses, and baronesses, who were delighted with their new acquaintance, but had not the remotest idea they had so notorious a captain of banditti in their illustrious circle.

The Cavalier della Cintra was now asked innumerable questions, his answers to which gave general satisfaction, and even attracted the regards of some of the most beautiful of the women. Every one confessed the chevalier was a very handsome man; and the men considered him as an accomplished travelled gentleman. They offered him all kinds of attentions and services; and the marquis Romano would not be satisfied till his guest promised to take up his abode in his house.

Thus in a few days was the scene of our new made knight's adventures changed from a den

of robbers and murderers amid the crags of inhospitable rocks, first to a loathsome dungeon, and then to the best society Sicily could afford, in the gorgeous saloons of a magnificent palace.

Before the company parted Rinaldo received various invitations; after which his host requested his company to a *tete-a-tete*,

They now adjourned to a pavilion in a beautiful garden, where having seated themselves, the Marquis, pouring out some wine, drank "To our better acquaintance!" After a few more glasses and toasts, they began to converse as follows:

Marquis. Our friend Olympia has recommended me to you so strongly that I scruple not immediately to call you by the honourable title of friend.

Rinaldo. You do me uncommon honour.

Marquis. A man of such talents, and of so much science as you, has doubtless the best possible claim to it, and the more nearly society are acquainted with you, the more it must redound to your honour and to their advantage. All my other guests, who are men of good heads and hearts, certainly expect to find in you an associate abounding in wit and courage.

Rinaldo. I beg of you to explain yourself.

Marquis. That I will readily do: There exists a certain grand association in the world, which, however convenience sometimes breaks, is ever re-established by men of sense and talents, through whom it will become universal. *In the state of the church, in the dominions of*

Naples and Sicily, a great number of men are known to each other through the means of this establishment, and for the promotion of its objects.

Rinaldo. I am convinced that from you I shall hear the truth.

Marquis. You do hear it. Reciprocal wants generate reciprocal aid and reciprocal participation. 'Tis enough to say they know each other, and can reckon upon finding friends everywhere.

Rinaldo. A very comfortable assurance.

Marquis. You think so?

Rinaldo. I feel it so.

Marquis. Then you are one of us.

Rinaldo. As to the universal alliance of friendship, I am. But I seem to be the only gainer by it.

Marquis. By no means. We gain with and through you.

Rinaldo. My worthy friend you know not—

Marquis. I know what I am permitted to know. You pass as yet with this society for the knight della Cintra till we learn more of you.

Rinaldo. Marquis! You know also—

Marquis. I salute you as a man who is feared.

Rinaldo. Has Olympia then?—

Marquis. The secret of your true name remains as safely locked up in my breast as in your own.

Rinaldo. But what can induce you to intro-

duce me, whose name and actions are so much decried, into a society, whose members are so noble, so illustrious, and free from every spot of plebianism?

Marquis. What can hinder us from calling you friend? Especially if we find out for you a new sphere of action, the consequences of which will be quite sufficient for the completion of our plan? A little interest, however, must prevail even in the best of the society. All this time will explain to you.

Rinaldo. I have the advantage of you in this game: for I can but gain by it.

Marquis. Through you we also win. Profit and gain are obedient to our call. Upon that rest at ease. Shall we call one another brothers?

Rinaldo. If I may.

Marquis. I give you the brother's kiss.

Thus ended their conference for the present; and the Marquis's family assembled to supper.

Rinaldo was now full of thought, hoping for the development of a riddle, the explanation of which he could not discover.

"Thus he lived in a continual round of company and visiting, amid the gayest entertainments and the most splendid balls, hurried on from one amusement to another, so that he had scarcely time to reflect for a moment upon his present situation.

Among the ladies with whom he became acquainted were two who particularly attracted *his* attention; a very beautiful young lady,

whose name was Laura, only daughter of baron Denongo, one of the best families and richest fortunes in the island, and the countess of Martagno, a very accomplished woman, of most agreeable manners, and though less beautiful than Laura, uncommonly interesting. She was a widow in her twenty-second year, and possessed of a considerable jointure.

These two ladies not only interested our cavalier, but they were said to have been by no means indifferent to him.

At a fete given by the countess, the ladies having collected together to hear some music, Laura taking a guitar, performed a song, which was much praised and admired.—The countess then took the instrument and sang with universal applause, except from Laura, whose silence, however, was only observed by Rinaldo.

The countess looked for his approbation in his countenance, and then turned her eyes towards Laura, who cast her's on the ground. This circumstance struck the countess, but she sprang up, and gave the signal for the dance.

The first lady to whom Rinaldo offered his hand was Laura, who appeared very happy, and whose eyes often interchanged glances with Rinaldo's. Of this the countess was not unobservant. She saw more than pleased her, and more than she wished to see.

The dance being finished, she came forward and said, she wished to find a good partner in a fandango. She soon found one, and performed that fascinating dance, with the utmost grace,

never taking her eyes from Rinaldo, who stood among the spectators near Laura, by whom he was asked how he liked the dance.

"So well," replied he, "that I would not on any consideration in the world, that my beloved should dance it with any other man than me."

"'Tis well," replied Laura, smiling, "that sentiment concerns neither you nor the countess."

"Certainly," replied the cavalier, composed.

The dance being concluded, the countess threw herself into a chair, fanned herself with her handkerchief, beckoned Rinaldo to her, and said, "How do you think I dance the fandango?"

"So well," replied he, "that I envy the man who was your partner."

"Then you shall dance it with me next," said the countess, *smiling*.

Rinaldo was about to reply, when the countess's partner came up to her, and reproached her with having pressed him too hard.

"What harm can that do you?" said the countess, evidently disconcerted.

Rinaldo waited not his answer, but turning round, entered into conversation with the marquis Romano.

Presently after the countess came up to him, and asked him to follow her, took him into a small room, not unobserved by Laura, who drew near the door, where she threw herself on a sofa, with an air of indifference, though *with the most eager attention and curiosity*.

"Knight," said the countess, "some letters for you have been confided to my care. I deliver them to you, and you may read them here alone, if you would avoid being disturbed.

Rinaldo. How so?

Countess. By thinking of this or that affair, or perhaps of this or that lady.

Rinaldo. How do you mean?

Countess. I mean nothing, only I think so.

Rinaldo. But I know not what—

Countess. What the lady's name may be, certainly not Montagno. She must have a very tender name. Something romantic and heroic, as Laura or the like. I am, alas! only Dianora, which is not a poetical, still less a sentimental name. But do not suffer yourself to be disturbed.

Having said this she left the room, and Rinaldo opened the letter, which was from Olympia, inclosing others for the marquis Romano and baron Malvento. That to himself was as follows:

"Dear Knight,

"I hope this finds you well; for you are at least in the best hands in the world. In virtue of your written promise I desire you to shew your gratitude to me by obeying the marquis Romano in all things. He will tell you that it is time to introduce you to the old man of Fronteja, which you must by no means neglect. Perhaps we shall soon see each other.

"I must inform you of the news; namely,

that the band of the notorious robber Rinaldini is completely exterminated. Nine of them who had been taken alive, were yesterday shot at San Lucito. They all declared that Rinaldini himself had been cut to pieces, and fallen by their side. Every one rejoices that this dangerous man has been thus destroyed, as indeed he must necessarily have been, since his little troop was surrounded by one thousand four hundred men. One Cinthio indeed cut his way through, together with a few of his party; but people are gone in pursuit of him.

"Another piece of news, that a certain captain of your acquaintance has been almost killed by one Ludovico, who stabbed him in twelve places. He now lies dangerously ill; but the assassin has escaped.

"Adieu. Remember who still loves you.

"OLYMPIA."

Rinaldo had read the letter, and folded it up, when Laura entered the room in search, as she said, of a friend whom she did not find, notwithstanding which she staid there.

A conversation on different subjects now arose between them, during which they unexpectedly came into the gallery leading to the saloon. Here they walked on still talking, and at length came into a brilliant apartment, where the table was set out.

Laura. It must be confessed the countess lives well here. Her house is certainly one of *the best in Messina.*

Rinaldo. On that subject I cannot judge.

Laura. You may take it on my word. Besides she is a lady of uncommon wit and taste, and very amiable. 'Tis said she is to be married to the gentleman with whom she danced the fandango.

Rinaldo. Indeed!

Laura. Such at least is the common report.

Rinaldo. I hope she will be happy.

Laura. Why are you still unmarried?

Rinaldo. I have enough to live decently myself, but not to maintain a wife.

Laura. Then you will marry a woman who has a fortune of her own.

Rinaldo. Provided she loves me.

Laura. That is presupposed. How long do you intend to stay at Messina?

Rinaldo. As long as I like the place.

Laura. Well, and how do you like it?

Rinaldo. Very much.

They had now returned along the gallery into the drawing room, which Laura presently left unobserved. Meanwhile Rinaldo delivered the inclosed letters from Olympia, and returning back into the small room in thoughtful mood, threw himself upon a sofa.

Here he continued unobserved till the sound of trumpets called him to table. Though both Laura and the countess had missed him, and each anxiously sought him every where but in the right place.

At table, Rinaldo being a stranger, was placed next to the lady of the house, while Laura

sat on the opposite side. His reflections made him absent, and he behaved very unceremoniously towards his neighbour and the marchioness, which secretly gave Laura the greatest pleasure.

Baron Malvento now entertained the company with the fate of Rinaldini in Calabria, and the conversation becoming general, every one delivered his sentiments.

Laura said this highwayman had died too honourably, and that he ought to have been broken on the wheel; which gave Rinaldo a sensation by which this merciless girl lost a part of her influence upon his heart. The countess said, "Rinaldini was a great man, and had he but commanded an army would have obtained everlasting fame;" and this generous sentiment gave the countess that place in his heart which Laura had just unconsciously abandoned.

The marquis Romano told the company his friend the cavalier had assured him he had known Rinaldini; and upon this every one overwhelmed him with questions.

Laura asked him, "What he thought of this king of thieves?"

"As for me," said Rinaldo, "he treated me very well. I was in his power, and he did not abuse it."

"How did he look?" said the countess.

"More noble than his course of life should seem to permit," replied Rinaldo.

Meanwhile Laura continued to abuse Rinal-

dini, till the conversation, much to his satisfaction, turned upon another subject.

The remainder of the night passed away in dancing; and day now beginning to dawn, Rinaldo did not return home but took a walk among the country houses and gardens in the neighbourhood of the city, to enjoy the beauties of the morning, which now with dewy wings shed its beaming lustre over the flowery vales. His feet brushed away the dew, forming a line across the meadows, and he looked for an eminence, from which to command the view of the surrounding country. The golden rays of the sun played over the pearly herbage with innumerable brilliant colours. Heaven and earth appeared newly roused from refreshing sleep; and Aurora from her roseate gate seemed to lead on a new train of ideas and sensations in Rinaldo's mind. He leaned against a lofty pine, and cast his eyes over the brilliant vale, and was affected even to tears with the beauties he beheld. Even in those tears the rays of the sun were beautifully refracted, and his cheeks glowed with the purple hue of the heavens.

Meanwhile the harmonious murmur of a distant waterfall soothed his ear, and upon the hills, which were covered with cattle, the rural pipes of the merry shepherds gave life to the enchanting scene.

"Ah!" said Rinaldo, sighing, "that I were still among the shepherds, as once in my father's farm! Oh, that I could, in gay and happy

innocence, like these peasants, mingle the sound of my pipe with the enchanting breath of the zephyrs! What if I were to go to some distant country, and, resuming my shepherd's crook, conceal myself in the solitudes of a Spanish sheepwalk? Oh, that I could again partake of this happiness! What still detains me in the vortex of the world, where, surrounded by dangers, I shall certainly one day become a public sacrifice to justice? Yes, I will leave these Sicilian vales, and exchange them for the steepy mountains of Spain." (Here he burst into a flood of tears.) "Alas! unhappy that I am:" continued he, with a deep sigh, and again paused; but a hermit, who was then ascending the hill, accosted him in a friendly manner saying: "You are unhappy, you say! whence is your unhappiness? Does it arise from your own fault or that of others?"

"From both," replied Rinaldo, with a half-suppressed sigh.

"Learn then to suffer," continued he, "for that is the lot of humanity. Heaven has various ways, and can point out to you a smooth and pleasant road, except when it is better for you to walk in rugged paths. Remember all that happens is for the best."

"Do you receive alms?" said Rinaldo suddenly.

"To give away," replied the hermit. "For myself I have enough, as I want but little. But some men there are who have not even that little."

"There are," said Rinaldo, putting a purse into his hand. He then immediately descended a hill, and returned home.

Here the marquis informed him he was about to take a journey of two days, and recommended him in the meanwhile to the care and attentions of his wife and daughter.

Rinaldo also received two invitations, which, however, he refused, that he might be able to pursue his own reflections.

The day after the marquis's departure he went out into the fields to his favourite spot. Night now began to throw her mantle over the valley, and the rays of the setting sun painted the mountain tops with purple, till they disappeared in twilight, while the evening breeze wafted balsamic odours across the plains. The flies buzzed and swarmed around, and the distant shepherds' pipes mingled with the tinkling bells of the lowing herd, while the languishing tones of the love-warbling nightingale filled the air with melody, and every branch became vocal to the breeze.

Rinaldo stopped at the garden door of a beautiful villa, and finding it open, went in. Here the sweets of the orange grove were wafted towards him, and a chorus of feathered songsters greeted him from branches crowded with blossoms, as he approached the house, which stood in the middle of the garden. Here he met a girl lightly clothed, and inquired of her, "To whom does this beautiful villa belong?" "To the countess Martagno," replied she:

He was struck with this intelligence but remained silent. The girl, however, still looked at him, expecting a second question, which Rinaldo observing, asked,

"Is the countess here?"

"She came this morning," replied the girl; who then went down the avenue.

Rinaldo had not yet determined whether to go or stay, when he perceived a female figure moving in an orange grove; nor had he resolved whether to proceed or return, when the lady came out of the grove and called to him;

"Chevalier, can I believe my eyes? Is it yourself or your apparition?"

It was the countess who thus addressed him; and it was now too late to recede. Rinaldo advanced towards her with a silent bow.

"For Heaven's sake!" continued the countess, "how did you find my villa?"

Rinaldo. As men often find many other things—by chance.

Countess. You might, however, have been more gallant than to tell me I am indebted only to fortune for this pleasure.

Rinaldo. The debt would be but small.

Countess. At least equal to the chance you mention.

Rinaldo. Then we are quits.

Countess. If you wish it, we are; but, when I reflect, we are not; for the same chance had only to conduct you a few steps farther to have transferred the debt to Laura, whose villa is near mine, and she is now there; or, perhaps,

you have mistaken the house, and are too gallant to acknowledge it? I will send a servant to shew it you.

Rinaldo. If you wish to send me away—

Countess. I would willingly keep what Fortune has thrown in my way, but not at another's cost.

Rinaldo. Yet you must do that if you would receive me from the hands of chance.

Countess. If chance and Laura are not the same, let it be called by any other name, and you are welcome.

As she said this, she gave him her hand, and conducted him into an arbour where a guitar and a book lay upon a table. Here they seated themselves, and after a long pause the countess said, with the utmost simplicity,

“What were we speaking of?”

“Of the beauties of the evening,” said Rinaldo, smiling; upon which the countess burst into a laugh.

The conversation, however, still halted, and they arose, took a turn in the garden, talked of indifferent subjects, and at length approached a pavilion, which became the scene of a very interesting interview.

Countess. I rejoice much to see you here so unexpectedly, especially as you are the only person who could chase away the low spirits with which I am oppressed.

Rinaldo. I thank you for this compliment.

Countess. 'Tis the truth.

Rinaldo. Then I am infinitely obliged to the truth. But may I ask what causes you these low spirits?

Countess. I will tell you. One man I cannot bear wants to force himself upon me, while my family want to force upon me another.

Rinaldo. And you would not marry again?

Countess. At least neither of these men.

Rinaldo. Then choose a third who neither forces himself upon you, nor is forced upon you by your family, provided you do not dislike him.

Countess. I would either have a man who gives himself to me or none.

Rinaldo. That depends on you.

Countess. The accepting him may, but not the giving.

As she said this she stretched out her hand, which sank upon Rinaldo's; upon which she suddenly withdrew it; but Rinaldo instantly seized it, and softly pressing it, felt his own pressed in return by that of the countess.

A loud conversation in the avenue leading to the pavilion at length awakened the lovers from the dream of bliss, and starting up they perceived Laura and some other ladies enter the pavilion.

The countess received her friends with evident marks of embarrassment; nor did any connected conversation take place till the ladies inquired for their carriage and took their leave.

As Rinaldo handed them in, Laura whispered to him, I congratulate you; and the countess said aloud, "I shall see you again to-morrow, chevalier." To which he assented with a compliment. The carriage drove off, and Rinaldo returned home, musing on what had passed.

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